

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1923.

## *ROUND THE EASEL : SOME MEMORIES OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.*

BY EDWIN A. WARD.

### I.

VERY few fathers regard with anything short of disapproval the artistic profession as a means of livelihood for their sons. All very well as a hobby, they say, but most precarious as a calling, and I must confess that, looking back, I find very few of my schoolmates made good. A considerable number became art masters, and essayed to teach others a trade at which they themselves had been defeated.

In the olden days a promising boy was taken as an apprentice, and taught his work just as at any other craft, and became thoroughly master of his materials before starting out on his own. Nowadays very few painters possess any knowledge of the composition of the various pigments necessary to the production of a picture. The modern school of art is a sorry substitute for the old workshop, where, by assisting a great artist in the production of a masterpiece, you became thoroughly conversant with every detail connected with the process : by preparing and undertaking mechanical operations of which there is much to be done before any great work is completed.

'But surely you will admit I am very industrious,' was my retort to the objection urged by my father against the adoption of painting as my profession. His reply to this was—'that it was quite possible to be very industrious sifting cinders.' This, however severe, was strictly true. He tried me for one week in his office while his chief clerk was away on holiday. I fancy he was far from satisfied with the experiment, as it was never repeated.

I was then offered a post as draughtsman in a lace warehouse

in Nottingham ; a sister of the senior partner had taken an interest in my work at the local school of art. My first morning there is graven on my memory. I was received by the senior partner and conducted to a small private cubicle contained in a large work-room where a number of girls were engaged sorting lace. I was shown a large design for a lace curtain, and it was suggested that I should proceed to correct its many faults, and complete it ready for the factory. I was supplied with all the necessary materials, and finally left alone with this paraphernalia, but in absolute bewilderment as to how to set about it—being quite destitute of any trace of practical knowledge of the subject. I had never even seen a lace-making machine.

In deep despair, I also became covered with confusion when I discovered that the walls of my cubicle were only observation-proof about waist-high—above that they were made of glass—and that the girls engaged in the warehouse, with which I was environed, were standing on their tiptoes, their noses flattened against the glass, taking the greatest delight in gazing on the misery and confusion of the new boy.

Deliverance came with the hour for the mid-day break for lunch, and as the girls trooped out and deserted the warehouse, I escaped also, never to return. None of my family knew that for one brief morning I had held an important post in the principal lace warehouse in Nottingham. Explanations seemed to me out of the question, so I simply kept on saying nothing.

Next I received an offer from a dealer in pictures, who proposed that I should assist him in the restoration of old masters, at which he was certainly very clever, though where any repainting was required his knowledge was a little at fault. I was to have the use of an excellent attic with a top light, and all my firing free, in return for touching up hands, faces and draperies in damaged old portraits.

During this period a young Retford solicitor, who collected old pictures, furniture, etc., called at the shop. He appeared to be impressed by a little picture I was painting, and proposed that I should come to Retford and paint his portrait in the costume of the period of Charles I. Accordingly I proceeded to Retford one Saturday afternoon, where I was to stay until the following Monday. I inquired for Mr. Marshall the solicitor, and a man at the station informed me that as he was passing close to the house he would be glad to show me the way. I found the house quite a large place, at the end of a long drive.

Mr. Marshall was out, but I was shown into the morning-room. Then a stout, middle-aged lady appeared, who asked me whether I had an appointment with Mr. Marshall, to which I rather shyly replied 'Certainly,' being slightly perturbed by the coolness of my reception. Eventually Mr. Marshall appeared, but he was a gentleman whom I had never seen before. I was to learn afterwards that Mrs. Marshall suffered from a constant fear of burglars, and felt convinced that I was one of a gang sent in front to spy out the land, and that my small Gladstone bag contained the implements of my nefarious office.

Mr. Marshall relieved my embarrassment by laughing heartily, and turning to his wife said 'Why, of course, Mr. Ward has come to the wrong house. My brother, Charles, told me he was expecting a young artist to stay with him this evening.' I was driven down to his brother's house, where my host was waiting dinner, somewhat at a loss to account for my late arrival.

I painted the portrait, for which I received the fee of £5. The sittings took place generally before breakfast, and during the day-time I occupied myself in painting in the accessories, and usually spent the evening in drawing and painting, often using his valet, dressed up in various costumes, as model. After finishing the portrait I took a large room in the town as studio, and painted all sorts of pictures—figure subjects, landscapes, portraits, and a drop scene for the local theatre—and was kept quite busy during two years. But pleasant as the life was, I felt the need of more study, and at the age of nineteen I packed my box and took train for London.

It is true that trivial incidents are frequently more effective in directing one's way in the world than any careful plan of action. It was so in my case. Coming to London as a raw youth from Yorkshire, I was without friends, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boyes, whom I had met a few times during my stay in Retford. Requiring the signature of a householder to various documents to procure my admission as a student to the British Museum, National Gallery, etc., I called upon Mr. and Mrs. Boyes, who not only did all they could in this direction but also were exceedingly kind to me in every way.

Mr. Boyes was a journalist of some note on the staff of the *World*, a powerful paper in those days under Edmund Yates, who was in his prime, and was a forceful character who made himself

felt. Mr. Boyes lived in a charming house in Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park; they entertained quite a lot, and it was there I met everybody worth knowing in art, literature, the drama, and politics. It occurred to me that if I could paint a successful portrait of Mr. Boyes it could not fail to attract notice.

I painted the picture, a curious feature of the performance being, that while Mr. Boyes was one of the biggest men I have ever seen, the picture, a three-quarter length, only measured about seven inches by thirteen. It was the first of a long series of small portraits I was to do later, and was certainly rather a novelty in those days. (A revival, really, of a fashion in vogue about the Holbein period.)

I asked Mrs. Boyes to accept this little portrait of her husband as a Christmas card, and I am bound to say that it was not difficult to see that neither she nor Mr. Boyes was unduly elated over it. They seemed to think that the mouth of the gift horse was out of gear, and that he looked too rosy. In fact, they said the portrait had dined and wine too well; but when it was exhibited at the old Grosvenor Gallery, Sir Coutts Lindsay gave it a place of honour.

Sir Henry Lucy (then Mr. Lucy), being rather struck by the style of this picture, consulted Alma Tadema, who was quite enthusiastic, and in the end I was commissioned to paint Mr. and Mrs. Lucy, followed by a gallery of the famous people with whom Mr. Lucy was so closely associated during his long and distinguished career as chief of the Parliamentary Press Gallery, 'Toby, M.P.' for *Punch*, editor of the *Daily News*, and contributor to various provincial papers. He also entertained at his famous lunch parties everybody of note, from the Prime Minister down to an unknown painter like myself.

Previously to this period I had only painted occasional portraits, and only one subscription portrait. This was a picture of Mr. Scott, the Chairman of the National Provident Institution. He was a splendid specimen of the old City merchant.

I have reason to remember the day upon which the picture was presented. The Board of Directors invited me to the luncheon which preceded the ceremony. I had previously given my instructions to my frame-maker, who was accustomed to these functions. I was particularly anxious that until the official unveiling had actually taken place the green baize should not be removed from the face of the picture. A pulley and strings were attached, so that at the precise moment, on the uplifting of my



finger, the frame-maker's assistant, who held the cord in his hand, could pull it and release the curtain. All this had been rehearsed in the studio before we started, as I did not expect to have an opportunity of giving it my attention during the luncheon.

After the lunch, the staff and subscribers assembled in the Board Room where the picture was hung high above the mantel-piece, covered with its green cloth, and my faithful assistant on guard, all attention, waiting for my signal. Sir Thomas Chambers, then Recorder of the City of London, made the speech of presentation in a most eloquent and impressive manner, ending with 'and now, Mr. Scott, I have great pride and pleasure in asking you to accept this portrait, painted by that well-known artist, Mr. Edwin A. Ward.'

In a silence which could be felt I gave the signal to my assistant, who jerked off the curtain and displayed the picture of a dignified old gentleman of seventy-seven years standing on his head, with his legs in the air. My men had not only been successful in preserving the picture from prying eyes but had failed to see for themselves that it was topside up. Instead of the murmurs of applause I had expected, the entire assembly rocked with laughter, and there the picture remained until the room could be cleared for the carpenter and his step-ladder.

A committee of working people commissioned me to paint a posthumous portrait of their late employer, Mr. James Meakin, of Hanley, Staffs. I was furnished with all the necessary photographs, etc., the picture was completed and forwarded to its destination, and shortly afterwards I received an invitation from the Committee to attend the presentation at the Town Hall, Hanley. Accordingly I went, and found the town *en fête*. Received by the Chairman of the Committee, decorated by a large rosette of office, I was conducted to the gallery of the great hall and handed a programme printed in letters of gold. The vast hall was packed with an audience of two thousand people. In front of the great organ was arranged my portrait of the late Mr. Meakin, suitably draped, under a special lighting installation.

After a recital on the organ, several of the great folk made speeches varying in quality and quantity, but what filled my young mind with foreboding were two items on the gilt programme: 'Mr. — pays a compliment to the artist.' 'The artist responds.' I had never made a speech in my life, but managed to say the few

words that were necessary when my turn came, immediately following the unveiling, which was accompanied by an appropriate fantasia on the great organ, and gratifying thunders of applause from the vast audience.

After the ceremony, the Chairman of the Committee called me aside, and rather apologetically remarked that the question of my expenses for the day had been considered, and that he proposed to hand me the sum of three guineas. I thanked him for the kind thought, but hoped that he and his Committee would retain the sum for the purpose of drinking my health. At this he seemed much relieved, and proceeded to act on my suggestion with so much success, that later on he begged to inform me that they were much disappointed in my appearance. I told him I was sorry, but what did they take exception to? 'Well,' said the Chairman, 'we expected you to 'ave more of an 'aggard look, with long black 'air, and a big black moustache.'

My studio in Bloomfield Place was approached by a passage; and the studio immediately opposite was occupied by Leslie Ward (afterwards Sir Leslie Ward), the famous caricaturist, 'Spy,' of *Vanity Fair*. Much confusion and many curious mistakes arose from the fact that two artists of the same name lived opposite each other.

One evening I was deeply engrossed striving to complete a portrait while daylight lasted, when there came a loud knock on the door below. I did not expect any caller at that hour, and hoped that if I ignored the summons he would conclude I had already departed for the night. But the knock was repeated in so importunate a manner that I had to ask my sitter to excuse me while I went down to the door.

In the half light I saw an officious-looking individual, who drew from his pocket a formidable-looking document, which filled me with foreboding, and asked if Mr. Ward was in. Pointing to the door opposite, I said 'Mr. Ward lives there.'

'It is Mr. Edwin Ward I require,' he said.

'Well, sir, and what do you want?' I impatiently demanded.

'I am the Mayor of Cardiff, and I wish to have my portrait painted.'

'Please come in!'

From time to time I revisited Retford, where I painted various

local celebrities and made many friends. The young squire was to be presented with his portrait on the occasion of his marriage. When the project was under consideration, several of the subscribers had other views with regard to the form the presentation should take, but the Mayor, Mr. Bescoby, addressing the meeting, reminded them that on the young man's coming of age they had presented him with a case of guns—'a most dangerous present. Now, a *portrait* can do no harm.'

Another presentation portrait, that of George Marshall, who was five times Mayor of the Borough of East Retford, was to be the last commission I was to execute in the place where I had experienced many happy times, and the recollection of it is still very fragrant in my memory. The picture was a full-length in Court dress, with the Mayoral chain of office. Mr. Marshall, who was a remarkably handsome, well-built man, stood in front of a gilded table upon which were arranged the cups and plate belonging to the ancient Borough of East Retford.

There was a great function in the Town Hall for the presentation. Sir Frederick Milner, Bart., who was the Member of Parliament for the borough, made the presentation, and made a most moving speech, in which he paid a great tribute to the services rendered to the borough by George Marshall; his father before him had been Town Clerk, and other members of the family had been well-known doctors and members of the Church. There was an air of great distinction about the whole function.

George Marshall himself was the senior partner in the firm of lawyers founded by his father. His clients included the Duke of Newcastle, Earl Manvers, and other great folk who owned the land in the district known as 'the Dukeries.' George Marshall lived in a large comfortable house known as Mount Vernon. After his daughter married and his son went away, this house became too large for his requirements, and he determined to dispose of the property. His advertisement was answered by Mr. Whitaker Wright. Mr. Marshall suggested that Mr. Wright would get a better idea of the property if he spent a week-end at Mount Vernon. Mr. Wright came, and was so pleased with the place that he decided to buy it.

As Mr. Wright was signing his cheque he remarked, 'You have been most hospitable and kind during these few days; I should like to show my appreciation by doing you a solid service which happens

to be within my power. Now, here is a cheque in payment for your property, but if you care to entrust the money to me for investment in "London Globes," this cheque will double itself inside six months.'

The temptation proved too strong for Marshall, and it must be remembered that about that period Mr. Whitaker Wright was a power in the land, with that great and distinguished Englishman, the Marquis of Dufferin, on his Board of Directors.

For a short time all went well, and the shares increased in value. But, alas ! the tide turned with such violence that fresh money had to be found to meet the depreciation, and, as it afterwards appeared, Marshall was tempted to use moneys entrusted to him by clients which under no circumstances should have been invested in anything speculative.

That he was fully alive to this was forcibly demonstrated during the time I was painting his portrait. My father had died some six months previously, and Mr. Marshall, as he was entitled, being an old friend, questioned me as to how my father's estate had been administered. I informed him that I was co-trustee with my brother-in-law, and that the money was invested in the Cotton Combine, of which my brother-in-law was one of the managers—a perfectly sound business, of which he had inside knowledge, and which was paying 7%.

Mr. Marshall evinced much alarm on my behalf, telling me that the arrangement was an infringement of the law, and that should any loss be incurred I should be responsible for the whole amount. He further insisted upon my going off to Nottingham and instructing my lawyer to transfer the entire sum into Government stock—in fact, Mr. Marshall refused to continue the sittings for his picture until his advice had been acted upon. Yet, strange as it may seem, he was misusing trust money at this very time to bolster up his losses in 'London Globes.'

Such was the confidence people reposed in their family solicitors in those days, that money was handed into their care without question or stipulation, and was paid into the lawyer's own account at the bank, and invested at his discretion, the interest being paid to the client in due course. The difficulty of realising could easily be urged should a client require his capital in a hurry.

In the case of George Marshall, however, it was obvious that his Stock Exchange speculations were endangering his relationship with his clients. As it may be remembered, for it excited con-

siderable attention at the time, Mr. Marshall journeyed to London to complete a purchase of property for the Duke of Newcastle, and, as was the custom then (and may be still for all I know), he had provided himself with the necessary £16,000 in notes, which he carried in his despatch case. He stayed, as usual, at the Hotel Métropole, and on the day after his arrival the evening papers were full of the story of a sensational robbery. Mr. Marshall alleged that during a short absence from his apartment the lock had been forced from his despatch case and the £16,000 stolen.

No trace of the alleged thieves could be found, and I was afterwards assured by the Counsel he employed that the Duke of Newcastle was quite prepared to accept the story, and expressed sympathy with his solicitor in his embarrassing misfortune. I was also assured that having survived the danger of discredit of the Métropole affair, Marshall might have succeeded in placating his other claimants for settlement by the exercise of a little discretion, skill, and patience. But, losing his head, Marshall promptly sought to protect himself against his importunate creditors, who had taken fright after the story of the Métropole theft, by filing his petition in bankruptcy; and then his real troubles began.

The Official Receiver is a very tolerant being, I am informed, but he cannot be induced to afford protection while there exists the slightest shadow of fraud, and Marshall, usually a man of excellent and sound judgment, failed entirely to prove the possession of the £16,000 in his despatch case, of which he alleged he had been robbed at the Métropole.

After his examination by the Official Receiver he was arrested on charges of fraud, and of the misuse of trust money. On oath, he persisted in adherence to the story of the robbery, which was entirely uncorroborated by any evidence save that of his wife.

But what a punishment!

He had to be charged, first of all, before the Bench of Magistrates of which for five years he had been Chairman, and the Town Clerk who had to read out the charge was his own nephew. After his committal he was incarcerated in the Police Station in the town of his birth.

A mutual friend, who was a county magistrate and had entertained and been entertained by Marshall on countless occasions, told me that it fell to him to visit Marshall in gaol, and certify as to the safe custody of the prisoner. He provided himself with a small hand-bag, in which he deposited a bottle of champagne and

a couple of glasses (George Marshall was a great judge of good wine, and had possessed a famous cellar).

In the ordinary way the Chief Constable would have accompanied the magistrate and remained in the cell during his interview with the prisoner, but my friend took him aside and asked that as a special favour, under the peculiar circumstances, he might be allowed a quarter of an hour alone with Marshall.

Entering the cell where Marshall was confined my friend said 'We will not discuss this awful business. Nothing can be gained by that, but for the sake of old times I must take wine with you, perhaps for the last time.' He there and then opened the bottle, filled the glasses, and they drank to the good old times they had had together, and eventually parted without any reference to the hideous situation with which poor old Marshall was face to face.

He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. I learnt that so far as possible his time was spent in the prison infirmary, and he there experienced some slight relaxation of prison discipline.

In conversation with a fellow prisoner occupying the next bed he learnt that within the following fortnight his companion was to be released. This man volunteered to convey to anybody outside any message Marshall might desire. Thereupon Marshall confided to him that the only atom of comfort remaining to him was the fact that some years previous to his downfall he had made provision for his wife, and that she was waiting for his release with a little home, where he could hide his dishonoured head for the few remaining years left to him on this earth, adding that he would be glad if his companion could find time to call at the address given, and say that on such a date he would be at liberty once more, and was looking forward with impatient longing to being once again a free man with a wife to watch over him.

What message this scoundrel delivered we shall never know, but it is certain that he induced Marshall's wife to fly with him to America, where she died in deep poverty, having been defrauded of her little income by the ex-convict. Poor Marshall was restored to liberty to find no wife and no home awaiting him. An old friend in his own profession provided for his immediate needs, which he required for only a brief period; for while I was trying to trace him I heard that he had died.

One of the picturesque figures known to my early days in

London was Phil May—a gifted artist, but magnificently unpractical.

Phil was an excellent horseman, and during the time he was drawing for the *Graphic* he occasionally rode from his house in Kensington to the office. On one of these rides he had occasion to call at the Savage Club, and left his horse in the charge of a man outside, with instructions to walk the animal up and down the terrace until he had picked up his letters, or whatever his business happened to be. He found the company so much to his liking that, after a good deal of fun and refreshment, he forgot all about his horse and proceeded to the office on foot.

After a time the man holding the horse called the attention of the hall-porter, and asked if Mr. May was in the Club. 'No,' said the porter, 'he left an hour ago.' The members were consulted, and eventually the horse was put in a livery-stable in the neighbourhood.

Several days elapsed, and Phil again appeared at the Club. 'Most extraordinary thing,' he said, 'I've lost my horse. I started from home with it all right a few days ago, but for the life of me I can't remember what became of it.' After a little cross-examination, 'Did you drop it down an area?' and so on, they relieved his mind by producing the missing horse.

Phil told me a remarkable story illustrating his absent-mindedness. On the morning when he should have done his *Graphic* drawing for the week, he ventured out on a short stroll which lengthened as far as the Strand, and lasted the whole day and far into the night. He returned home in the small hours, tiptoed through the studio, and crept into bed without waking Mrs. May.

In the morning he was preparing to rise when Mrs. May said 'You had much better rest a little longer as you were very late last night.' Phil said it was absolutely necessary for him to do the *Graphic* drawing which should have been done the day before.

'My dear, the drawing is finished, and stands on the easel in the studio. You evidently did it after you came in last night, before coming to bed.'

Phil put on his dressing-gown, went into the studio, and lo and behold! there was the drawing done by his own hand, yet for the life of him he could not recollect doing one stroke of it.

Phil was a child where any question of a business character arose. I met him one day in Regent Street, obviously in a merry mood, and he invited me into Driver's to drink a special brew of



champagne and stout. I declined the kind invitation and expressed surprise at seeing him in Town, having been under the impression that he was away in Leeds.

'So I was, old boy, until to-day, but I owed a man £80 which I promised to repay this morning, but I can't find the fellow, and have spent thirty of it already.'

Phil May and a writer named George were sent out to the Chicago Exhibition by the *Graphic* to write and illustrate a story of that marvellous show. But Phil and his partner were subjected to so much entertainment that they found no leisure in which to fulfil their obligation to their paper. In consequence a cable was sent insisting on their immediate return.

Full of remorse, they arrived in England at the precise moment of the marriage of Prince George and Princess May of Teck. They reached London heartily ashamed of the fruitless few weeks they had spent in Chicago, very much perturbed as to their reception at the offices of the *Graphic*, and quite ignorant of the decorations and festivities consequent upon the Royal marriage.

As they drove across Waterloo Bridge into the Strand, Phil's face suddenly brightened, and pointing to an archway across the road he said 'Cheer up, George, old boy, we're forgiven. Look, "Welcome to George and May!"'

I did not see Phil during his last illness, but my friend, Sir James J. Shannon, who painted a marvellous portrait of him, visited him from time to time, and told me it was wonderful how Phil's sense of humour rose triumphant over all his sufferings. On the last occasion upon which he saw him alive he inquired anxiously as to his condition.

Phil smiled faintly, and said 'The doctor seems to be in two minds about my malady; he tells me to take violent exercise for my liver, and to keep perfectly still for my lungs.'

The next time Shannon called, dear old Phil had passed away. He was not only a great artist but one of the most lovable personalities I have ever known.

Lord Northcliffe, twenty-five years ago, had already amassed an immense fortune, and was a power in the land, although he was still a very young man.

I met him first in 1897. He had seen portraits of mine at

the town house of Sir Henry Lucy, and as he wished to possess similar work of mine, he asked me to call at Carmelite House to discuss a plan of action, and made an appointment. I was lunching out that day, and was due to meet Alfred Harmsworth at 3.30. My cabman did not know Carmelite House—neither did I—and he drove me all round the Temple, with the result that I was a few minutes late in keeping my appointment.

Mr. Sutton (now Sir George Augustus Sutton, Bart.) was business secretary in those days, sitting in the outer room. He informed me that as I was a few minutes late, Mr. Harmsworth, whose appointments were booked to the minute, would be unable to see me until he had completed his other engagements.

I waited, and I hate waiting. Can you picture me staring at the door all that dreary afternoon, while many other men came and went during those few hours that seemed a thousand years, only to be informed at the end of it, in reply to my query: 'Is there any chance of seeing Mr. Harmsworth to-day?' 'Sorry, Mr. Harmsworth has left the building.'

I left it too, rage tearing at my heart. A following letter quite courteously informed me that Mr. Harmsworth was sorry not to have been able to see me as he was going abroad for six months, but hoped to upon his return to Town.

Sure enough I was summoned to Berkeley Square when he came back; the appointment struck me as rather strange—it was for 9.30 A.M. I arrived on the stroke of time, and was shown up without delay, and saw Alfred Harmsworth for the first time. He was 'in the buff,' fresh from his bath, being rubbed down by his valet.

'Come in, Ward,' he said, 'you are accustomed to the nude. What do you think of my figure? Now we will talk business.'

Thereupon he unfolded a plan whereby he was to found a gallery of celebrated folk. I inquired how many he proposed to include in his collection, and he replied 'Every person of importance of the period.' I suggested that was rather a large order, but he swept this aside at once, saying that we were both young men, and therefore the scheme presented no difficulties.

He suggested that first of all I should paint a portrait of himself, and afterwards portraits of all his brothers, and most important of all, one of his mother, a personality he regarded as the strongest character of them all. In this he was most certainly quite justified, for of all the wonderful people I have met, this great lady possessed in the highest degree all the qualities that make for success under

any conditions. Much will be written round the history of this wonderful family, all of them displaying uncommon ability in their various ways.

Walking in his garden at Elmwood with Alfred Harmsworth, and listening to the fascinating story of the gigantic enterprise he controlled, I ventured to remark 'Really it sounds like a fairy story.' 'Yes,' he ejaculated, 'and I am the Fairy Prince.'

As a sitter he left much to be desired. Moody and mischievous, he would sit just when and where he liked—finally he posed perched up on a window-seat, reclining against the window, with a background of half-light. My effort to reproduce this effect was more difficult and painful than an attempt to paint out the spots on the sun. In addition, he regarded the fitful few hours apportioned to the portrait business as playtime, during which he summoned not only the rest of the house party, but also the footman, butler, or any member of the household who happened to be within hail, saying 'Now, I want the brutal truth. Is it anything like me?'

The allusion to the portrait on the easel was very embarrassing to the artist, much as it appeared to amuse the sitter. With a sly, malicious enjoyment of the torture he was inflicting, he said 'You know you hate this business just as much as I do.'

It got itself finished somehow, and I felt it was not a great performance. There is nothing funny about painting a portrait, and if sitters will insist on 'rotting' the whole time, they must take the consequences.

G. F. Watts, wonderful as he undoubtedly was in treatment of lofty themes—noble in conception with great grandeur of line, solemn as sunrise over strange mountains—was not really the great portrait painter that people thought he was. Now and again he was very good, but when he missed he missed by miles; yet a remark of his is worth remembering—it is this: 'A portrait painter should strive to represent the expression the sitter would wear when alone in a room.'

A self-conscious portrait, as a rule, is an abomination. Every really fine portrait is also a fine picture, and should make its appeal on that ground alone, quite irrespective of the subject represented. The old French professor (I forget his name) was quite right when he said 'It is not *what* you do; it is *how* you do.'

Painting the portraits of famous men is not all unalloyed joy, as many people imagine it to be. When Alfred Harmsworth commissioned me to paint the picture of Cecil Rhodes, he made the stipulation that, however rude Mr. Rhodes might be, I would

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not be deterred from the completion of my task. It was arranged that Mr. Harmsworth should take me to breakfast with Rhodes at his rooms in the Burlington.

I called for Alfred Harmsworth at Berkeley Square, and as we stood in the hall while his carriage waited at the door, filled with my easel and other implements of my trade, he emphasised this point by saying 'Now it is no good our starting unless you are prepared to go on with it whatever happens.' All this preamble was by no means reassuring, but as a matter of fact, accustomed as I was to all the varied vexations inseparable from one's vocation, I felt that Alfred Harmsworth was taking rather a boyish delight in the torture he was trying to inflict by anticipation, and was making a mountain out of a molehill.

We arrived to find the hall and staircase to Mr. Rhodes' rooms at the Burlington crowded with Pressmen, and a strange variety of persons full of plans and suggestions, inseparable from the entourage of a man who had created himself a sort of king in his own right. It was quite obvious that we were expected, a passage was made for us, and we were immediately made free of the establishment.

Mr. Rhodes presently emerged from his dressing-room, fully armed with a strange, far-away look, visualising nothing nearer than the Matoppos Hills. He took his place at the head of his table, around which were grouped many distinguished men.

I was naturally much interested to meet again the late George Wyndham, whom I had not seen for many years. He was private, unpaid secretary to Arthur Balfour at the Irish Office during the time I was painting Balfour's portrait for Henry Lucy, and he certainly was the handsomest and most distinguished-looking man I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. In the interim he himself had been Irish Secretary—always a thankless job. I have known a round dozen of them, beginning with 'Buckshot' Forster, and ending with Shortt, and I never heard that any one of them really at bottom felt his heart in the business.

But I must not forget the breakfast party at the Burlington. Before the guests took their places at table I consulted Arthur, the head-waiter, told him that my business there was the painting of his master's portrait, and sought his advice as to the arrangement of my impedimenta—no joke when you find yourself the only busy man in an assembly of chatty people, bent upon making the best of an opportunity for listening to any stray crumb of comfort that might fall from the rich man's table.

As soon as the breakfast babble was in full flow, I left my seat and took up my position at the easel. Rhodes never noticed my absence from the board until the end of the meal, when he somewhat fiercely demanded what I was doing.

'As a matter of fact I am painting a three-quarter view of your face, Mr. Rhodes,' I replied.

He suddenly assumed an attitude of much agitation: 'Have you ever painted anyone before?'

Alfred Harmsworth stepped into the breach, saying 'Mr. Ward has painted most of the Cabinet during the last twenty years.'

'Then why does he embark on a three-quarter view of me? Look here,' he shouted, full-facing me as he rose from his chair, 'I will either be painted full-face like *this*—or—like *this*,' and he turned his back upon me. I very gently remarked that I preferred the front view. 'That's all right; now we understand each other.'

This necessitated a lightning alteration, during which Mr. Rhodes stepped across to inspect the progress of the work. To this I demurred, saying 'It is not fair that you should see it in its transition stage.'

This did not stop him for a moment. He strode hastily across, and with one swift glance he exclaimed 'Look! He's *crying*! He's lost his wife! I never had a wife! It's the damndest thing I ever saw in my life!' And with this parting shot he swept from the room.

'The damndest thing I ever saw' was repeated through the next room and down the grand staircase. Out into the hall I could hear the echo. Bang went the front door, and even out into the street I fancied I could trace sounds of 'damndest thing I ever saw.'

This was too much even for me. I called his servant. 'Where is Mr. Rhodes?' 'He has left the house, sir.'—'I will leave it too, and never enter it again.' My things were packed into a cab, and away I drove. Cooling down later in the peace of my own domain, I remembered my compact with Alfred Harmsworth, that nothing should deter me from completing my task; so the following morning found me again at my easel at the Burlington.

Mr. Rhodes entered as usual, but with no greeting of any sort on either side. Later he came across to see the picture, and said 'Now, that's all right. I didn't like it yesterday.'

'No,' I replied, 'you *said* so.'

'Ah, well, you are making good. You must dine to-night;

there are all sorts of important people coming, and we will have the picture on view.'

Cecil Rhodes was a great host, and entertained in princely style. His breakfast parties were mainly of a political and business character, but at dinner he received his familiars, and I noticed that there was always present some great lady of distinguished station in society. The Duchess of Abercorn was the principal guest on this occasion.

We were asked for eight o'clock, and on the stroke of that hour I duly presented myself to find Rhodes and his great friend, Sir Charles Metcalf, the eminent engineer with whom he lived, sitting in the salon minus coat, collar, and waistcoat—resting after a strenuous day in the City. I was welcomed cordially, but was a trifle surprised to find my host *en déshabillé* at the moment when his guests might be expected to arrive. At that moment Rhodes' faithful and efficient black servant swooped into the room and literally carried off his master, saying that the Duchess was on the stairs and that he must hurry up and dress. They disappeared—and reappeared suitably garbed as if by magic in the swiftest time on record.

The rest of the guests having arrived, we proceeded to the dining-room, where our host was as jolly as the veritable 'sand boy,' divested of the cares of state and business. After dinner he provided for our entertainment a private cinema show—at that time quite an innovation and novelty. One of the moving pictures shown was a representation taken that morning of Mr. Rhodes and Sir Charles Metcalf taking their early morning ride in the 'Row.' It amused me hugely to notice how artfully Rhodes had managed to dodge the cinema operator, so that it was mostly Sir Charles who was seen jogging along the 'ladies' mile.'

Mr. Rhodes constantly called our attention to the picture, ejaculating: 'There you are again—Sir Charles!—Sir Charles!' But I was a little shocked to observe that the great Sir Charles—a man of huge frame and massive proportions—full of excellent fare, and fatigued by a long day in the City, had fallen into a deep slumber and was snoring like a grampus. I hoped that in deference to the presence of the Duchess Mr. Rhodes would arouse his friend. Not a bit of it! All the notice taken by him of the stentorian din was to draw the attention of the great lady to the sound by remarking to her, jocularly: 'Orchestra, Duchess! Orchestra!'

(To be continued.)

### *THE SWISS SOLUTION OF THE GREAT DOMESTIC PROBLEM*

THE Swiss have added one more feather to their much defeathered cap: they have succeeded in doing what we, as our neighbours east and west alike, have for years past been trying in vain to do. For they have found a solution for the servant-maid problem: a solution, too, incidentally, for divers other domestic and semi-domestic problems; for the most puzzling of them all, indeed, that of the making and marring of marriages.

In Switzerland, although there is a marked shortage of servant-maids, there is nothing approaching a dearth. Such girls no longer stand about in the market-place waiting to be hired, it is true; still, mistresses have not yet begun to wring their hands when their cooks give them notice. Swiss legislators might, therefore, urge, and quite fairly, that in their country the servant-maid problem is not yet one of importance, not one of the sort with which they are called upon to deal. So they would, perhaps, have argued were it not that, being more far-sighted than most of their kind, they realised that, unless something were done, the shortage would assuredly soon become a dearth; were it not also that, at the very time their attention was drawn to that problem, they were pondering anxiously on certain kindred problems which touched them, as all good patriots, more closely. And social reformers, who are experts in the subject, at once began telling them that if the servant problem were solved on common-sense lines, i.e. lines they were quite prepared to lay down, the way would be paved for the solution of those other problems; nay, those other problems would actually be solved, so far at least as solved they can be.

In Switzerland, as in England and other lands, in this our day, things are ajar; the health of the nation is not so good as it once was. There is less sobriety now than there used to be, more drinking to excess; and, what in the eyes of many is even more fatal, fewer babies are born. Fifty years ago, the birth rate in Switzerland was 30·9 per thousand, now it is only 18·7. The average young man is less eager to marry than he was fifty years

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ago ; while the average married man—woman too—is less reluctant to seek a divorce ; and, what makes matters worse, the one is becoming, as statistics prove, less and less eager from year to year ; the other, less and less reluctant. And Swiss legislators, as many other Swiss folk, are keenly alive to the fact that this state of things points to disaster ahead. It is at the root, indeed, of those very problems on which they were pondering when the servant question came to the fore. Already then they were at work, some of them, trying to find out its whys and wherefores, trying to find out, too, what could be done to change it. For changed it must be, they felt strongly, as otherwise Switzerland would inevitably fall behind in the great race. The only point on which they were dubious was as to how the change could be brought about ; and that they were considering, though none too hopefully, when those experts came to their help with the somewhat startling proposal that a law should be passed making the training of girls in housewifery universal and compulsory. Just as every boy, whether he wishes it or not, is forced to fit himself to defend his home and country, every girl must be forced to fit herself to keep her home in order, to make it a good home, one well worth defending. According to them, if that were done, not only would there soon be no lack of servant-maids, but social conditions all round would be bettered, many evils would be remedied, many much-needed changes brought about.

For some years previously, a strong party in Switzerland had been insisting that as public money was being spent on the technical training of boys, it ought also in fairness to be spent on that of girls ; insisting, too, that the training must be in housewifery, as that is the average girl's natural calling. Already in 1898 the Federal Council had brought the subject before Parliament ; and in several cantons housewifery classes were organised. In 1904 Fribourg, owing in a great measure to the influence of the clergy, had made attendance at these classes compulsory for all girls educated at the Public Elementary Schools. Since then, thanks in a great measure to the efforts of the Swiss Women's Society for Public Welfare, Berne, Zürich, Bâle and some other cantons have followed Fribourg's example. Elsewhere, however, girls are left free to go to the classes or not as seems good to them, or to their mothers, with the result that the very girls who need most to go never go. Again and again protests had been raised against this *laissez-faire* arrangement ; and an active agitation in favour

of its being changed was already going on when the shortage of servant-maids began to make itself felt.

'The shortage is the natural result of leaving girls without proper education, leaving them untrained for their work in life,' the advocates of compulsory training at once declared. There are, they admit, working-class girls who are unwilling to become servants because they dislike domestic work, or because they think such work is not 'genteel,' or because being servants entails the loss of some of their evenings out. Such girls are the few, however, not the many, they maintain. According to them the average working-class girl likes domestic work, and, if she knew how to do it, would gladly become a servant. The trouble with her is she does not know how to do it; she has never been taught. She has no chance, therefore, of even a fairly comfortable life if she becomes a servant. For, as she does her work badly, her employer is discontented with her; she, with her employer; and there is friction all round, scoldings, railings, misery. She flits from place to place, for in all places alike a servant's lot is intolerable for a girl who cannot do domestic work; and she ends by doffing her apron, swearing the while that she would rather break stones than be a servant. And all because she has never been taught to do domestic work, her natural work in life, as it is held to be in Switzerland.

Meanwhile her younger sisters and friends, thanks to her experience, begin where she leaves off. 'Any work rather than domestic work' is their cry from the first; and any work means as a rule a shop-girl's work, a lift-girl's, a girl-messenger's—work, in fact, for which no training is needed.

Now in Switzerland, as in England, work for which no training is needed is not only badly paid, but it spells unemployment sooner or later; for there are always more hands to do such work than there is work for them to do. There, as here, domestic work, on the contrary, is well paid, and they who do it skilfully need never be unemployed. Moreover, as they 'live in,' they live in comfort, well housed, well fed, well cared for; whereas shop-girls and their kind, as they 'live out,' must live as best they can—from hand to mouth, it may be, and in squalor. None the less servant-maids are hard to find, while those other girls are as plentiful as blackberries in September. As things are, indeed, they stand about the whole day long waiting to be hired, and no man comes to hire them. Meanwhile they fall into loafing ways, and soon become

unemployables as well as unemployed. And that through no fault of their own, but simply because those in authority over them have never seen to it that they were properly educated, trained to do the work for which they are best fitted, and of which they are sure; the very work, too, which, untrained though they be, they will have to do if they marry; to do well, if they are to have their fair chance of happiness. Such at least is the burden of those Swiss reformers' preaching.

This state of things is undoubtedly a sore misfortune for the untrained girls; and in Switzerland, as in England, their name is Legion, it must be remembered. It entails on them privation and suffering, robs them of life's best gifts. It is a sore misfortune indeed for the whole community, as the direct outcome of it is not only the servant-maids shortage of which we hear so much, but more serious shortages, shortages of good wives, good mothers, good homes, and many good things besides. The girls who go straight from school into shops, offices or factories, as thousands do now every year, without ever being taught how to cater, cook or do housework, cannot be good wives or mothers, cannot make good homes; they have no notion how it is to be done. I have known girls who tried hard and failed lamentably. It is not easy after serving in a shop, or working a lift, for years, to turn one's hand for the first time to cooking. Even the making of a fire is not so easy as it seems. And nothing tries the average husband quite so much as coming home, after a hard day's work, to a fire that will not burn, a dinner 'not fit for a dog,' as I once heard a man say. That dinner consisted of cold watery potatoes and a tepid beef-steak, one end of which was burnt to a cinder; the other, not cooked at all. Yet with the money it had cost, the woman, had she known her work, could have provided a really good appetising meal, one her husband would have eaten with pleasure, as well as with profit to health and temper. As it was, he went off to a public-house, for a man who works hard must have either good food or strong drink. Among the working classes if a marriage turns out badly, if a husband takes to drink, in nine cases out of ten it is because the wife can neither cater nor cook. So it is in England, at any rate; of that I am sure.

Then, comfortless as a working-man's home is when he is strong and well, it is much worse, of course, when illness comes. During the 1918 influenza epidemic, there were pitiable scenes in many houses, middle-class houses as well as working class—men and

women dying practically because there was no one at hand who could cook proper food for them, no one who could tend them as they needed tending. Again and again, at that time, I found wives and mothers in tears, because they could not do what the doctor told them to do, could not make a milk pudding, much less an omelette or beef-tea. As for a poultice, it is a rare thing to come across a woman, unless she be a nurse, who can make a really good poultice, a fact that year by year costs many a valuable life, the life of many a family's breadwinner. And, as the Swiss reformers are never weary of insisting, it is not the fault of the women that they are as they are. What they cannot make they have never been taught how to make, have never had the chance, many of them, of learning how to make. They are bad wives, in fact, because they have never been fitted for their work as wives.

Now bad wives, as even the man in the street knows, are the source of evils that touch the whole community, the source of drunkenness and quarrellings, desertions and divorces. Thus, for the sake of the whole community as well as of those legions of girls, for the sake not so much of adding to the number of servant-maids as of bettering things all round, the training of girls in housewifery must be made universal and compulsory. That is a lesson experts in matters social have long been teaching in Switzerland, and law-makers there are at length paying heed to them. They have drafted a Bill for making such training both universal and compulsory; and in some cantons, although not in all, this Bill will soon become a law.

According to the proposed measure, every normal Swiss girl, no matter what her rank, no matter whether rich or poor, must, before she is twenty, give up at least one year of her life to fitting herself to be a good wife and mother, if she marries, a useful member of society, whether she marries or not. During that year, which must not begin until she has completed her elementary education, she must go regularly to a Public Housewifery School, as a daily pupil if her parents can afford to let her live at home. If for that they are too poor, she must live in the school; and pay, so far as she can, for her board and lodging by helping, out of school hours, with the housework there. The schools are to be free for all classes alike, the expense they entail being defrayed out of the joint contributions of the State, the Cantons, and the Communes.

Much of what will be taught in the schools is what, in bygone days, girls were taught at home by their own mothers. For the

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framers of the Bill have faced the fact boldly, that the average mother is no longer to be relied upon to teach her daughters housewifery. In Switzerland, as in England, there are of course many mothers who do teach their daughters such work, and very carefully; still, there are many more who do not. Some do not because they cannot, because they themselves know no more than cats about housewifery; or because, as they go out to work, they have no time in which to teach them. Others do not because they will not; because they see no reason why they should 'have the bother'; or because they are ambitious for their daughters, wish them to be young ladies, and therefore think they must not soil their hands. Others again, and they not a few, do not because their daughters are beyond their control, and do not wish to be taught. If the average latter-day girl is to be taught housewifery she must, therefore, be taught at school. This is a point on which most of the Swiss have made up their minds, a proof of their sound common-sense.

According to the plans already drawn up, at the Housewifery Schools housewifery in the very widest meaning of the term will be taught. All who go there will be taught how to do everything that must be done in every house, if it is to deserve the name of a home; they will be taught to do it well, too, and with the least possible labour. Not only will they be told what the best methods of working are, but they will be made to do the work according to the best methods, do it again and again under the surveillance of experts, until they can do it easily and well, until in fact they themselves have become, so far as in them lies, experts in the doing of it. They will clean rooms, make fires, wash dishes, polish and dust; they will in turn do everything, indeed, that a scullery-maid does, a kitchenmaid, a housemaid, as well as a caterer, a cook, and a housekeeper.

They will also, while at the school, wash and starch and iron, a professional laundress watching them the while and giving them advice, letting them know how to deal with flannels and lace, what things must be boiled, what must not. They will be taught how to make clothes, too, how to mend, patch, and darn; how to make simple dresses, and make old dresses look new. Nay, they are even to be taught, it is said, how to keep accounts and write letters.

For their most important work, that of caterers and cooks, girls will have quite special training while at the Housewifery Schools. They will each in turn do the marketing: they will

buy, with an expert looking on to see they buy wisely, what they need wherewith to make the various dishes they are to be taught how to make, and actually make. And all these dishes will be of the sort that depend for their value on the skill with which they are made rather than the costliness of their ingredients. For what the teachers will aim at is enabling their pupils to provide those dependent on them with really good nutritive food, at the least possible cost. They will teach them how to cook economically as well as skilfully; how to make dainty dishes out of what may seem but 'remlings'; how to turn sorrel leaves into soup, hedgerow berries into jams, and concoct savoury pottages out of bread-crusts and wild herbs. And while teaching them, they will impress upon them the much needed lesson that all dishes have not the same food value, and that what is good for strong men is not good for little children or invalids.

According to the programme, there will be special classes for teaching girls how to take care of children; special classes, too, for teaching them the elements of sick-nursing; how to deal with simple ailments, how to give first aid, prevent the spreading of infection, foster health and strength. There are also to be classes for teaching them how they can best serve their Fatherland and their fellows, while making the best of their own lives. At these Housewifery Schools, in fact, every girl will be fitted, so far as she is capable of being fitted, to do her duty to her husband and children, if she marries, to feed them well, take care of them, and make a good home for them; to do her duty also to her country, to those around her and to herself, whether she marries or not. And when once she is thus fitted, the supporters of the Bill declare, we shall hear no more of those social and domestic problems that are now the cause of so much legitimate anxiety. And they certainly have strong arguments wherewith to support them in what they say.

So far as the servant-maid problem is concerned, their contention is that, when every girl, whether patrician, bourgeois, or proletarian, is a trained housewife, there will soon be no lack of good servants; not only because every girl who becomes a servant will be able to do her work well, but also because there will be no lack of good mistresses. Many women are now bad mistresses through sheer ignorance. As they have never done housework, they know nothing of the difficulties that lie in the doing of it, nothing of the time needed if it is to be done well. They, therefore, wax impatient, without rhyme or reason, and take to scolding. When they them-



selves have actually done housework, they will, however, realise all that good housework means, and therefore be the better able to appreciate those who do it. Moreover, as they will have been at school with them, they will understand them better than they do now, be more in sympathy with them, and will show them more consideration; will, in fact, try to make their lives better worth living. Thus a servant's lot will be much pleasanter than it is now; and many a girl who now would scoff at the idea of becoming a servant, will then become one gladly.

Nor is that all. While doing domestic work at school, the average girl will probably acquire a taste for it, will find pleasure in doing it. If therefore she has to earn her daily bread, there is a good chance that she will decide to earn it by becoming a servant. And that she will be the more inclined to do, because, at the school, she will have been made to realise the importance of regular meals, wholesome food, and of living under healthy conditions, living as a servant in this our day can live and many other workers cannot. Besides, any prejudice there may now be against a servant's work, on the score of its not being genteel, will speedily vanish when girls of all ranks have to learn how to do this work, and have the fact impressed upon them that it is just as much their duty to be good housewives as it is their brothers' to be good soldiers. Domestic service can hardly fail then to be quite popular, and servants' places will be in great request.

Nor is it only the shortage of good mistresses and maids that will be remedied, when every girl is a trained housewife, these Swiss reformers argue. The shortage of good wives, as of good mothers and good homes, will also then soon cease to be. For a good housewife is, as a rule, a good wife and mother, as she knows how to do the work a wife and mother has to do, how to take care of her husband and children in sickness as in health, how to make a good home for them, a home in which there is cleanliness, warmth, comfort, and good food. She is able to turn every penny she has to good account, and thus can feed well those dependent on her at small cost; she can provide them with well-cooked savoury dinners every day, even though her means be but scant. And such dinners are as oil to the wheels of life; they make for peace and comfort; and go far towards rendering homes attractive, go far, too, towards securing men and women alike against temptations, especially the temptation to drink. It is not—there are exceptions, of course—girls of the sort that can make homes attractive who are left unwooded or unwed; not wives of that sort who are deserted or



divorced; not the folk who live in good homes and are well fed who are led astray, or who take most easily to drinking ways. Of that there is proof, so far as Switzerland is concerned, in the statistics sociologists provide. Thus, when every girl is fitted so far as in her lies to be a good housewife, the maker of a good home, a good wife and mother, the average young man will be more eager to marry than he is now, the average married man will be more reluctant to part with his wife. That is the firm conviction of many of those who support the Housewifery Bill, and among them are both men and women who have earned the right by their work to speak on the subject with authority.

Although the Bill has many enthusiastic supporters, it has also, in its present form; many bitter opponents. For while the overwhelming majority of the Swiss are heartily in favour of girls being trained in housewifery, a fair section of them—women for the most part—are strongly against the training being made compulsory. For one thing the term 'Dienstjahr' (Service Year), which has been applied to the Housewifery School year, has an ominously military ring in many mothers' ears. 'Is it not enough that you take our sons?' they ask angrily. 'Must you also rob us of our daughters?' Then many mothers who cannot cook even a potato properly, are firmly convinced that no one could teach their daughters housewifery so well as they can; and therefore, although they have never tried to teach them, bitterly resent the proposal that they should be taught by someone else. Some bourgeois object strongly to their daughters going to the same school as working-class girls; some socialists object equally strongly to theirs going to the same school as bourgeois girls, fearing lest they should imbibe there bourgeois notions; while some proletarians object more strongly still to theirs going to any school when they might be out earning wages. Mothers with more money than wits are inclined to scoff at the idea that their daughters need know housewifery; and so, of course, are the many mothers who cherish the delusion that theirs have special talents, a perfect genius for something or other. They indeed are quite indignant at the mere thought of their gifted ones wasting their time learning how to cook. Curiously enough, some women, who have fought hard for years to secure technical training for girls, are up in arms against the Bill, because, under it, girls would be forced to be trained whether they wished or not, trained in housewifery too! Compulsion may be all very well for boys, they seem to think, but girls must be left free to decide for themselves whether they will or will

not be trained, and in what. Practically all who are against the Bill are against it because of its compulsory clauses, which they regard as an encroachment on the liberty of the subject, one that would entail great hardship on them or theirs.

Meanwhile the compulsory clauses are the very clauses to which they who are for the Bill attach most importance. If the training is to be universal, it must be compulsory, they insist; as otherwise the very girls, who most need to be trained, would be left untrained. They fail to see wherein there is hardship for a girl in being forced to fit herself to do work which the average girl must do, sooner or later, and which every girl would be the better for knowing how to do well.

Fortunately the Swiss as a race are practical, fervently patriotic to boot: when the welfare of their country is at stake, they have none of that sentimental regard for abstract rights with which less robust races are troubled. When once it is brought home to them that it would be for the good of the community as a whole, the good therefore of Switzerland, that compulsion should be used, they have no scruples at all about using it, even though it may entail hardship on individuals. And, so far as an outsider can judge, it has been brought home to most of them that it would be for the good of Switzerland if every Swiss girl was a skilful housewife. A skilful housewife, therefore, every Swiss girl must so far as possible be made, they hold. It is in fact, or so it seems to me, the wish of the average man and woman in Switzerland that the training of girls in housewifery should be universal; and, if it cannot be universal without being compulsory, well—that it should also be compulsory.

In England girls are much more sorely in need of training in Housewifery than they are in Switzerland, where the Women's Society for Public Welfare has been striving hard to have them taught for years past. Here, therefore, universal training would bring about even greater changes for the better than it will there. And, fortunately, the training might be secured here without every girl being forced to go to a public Housewifery School. If every girl knew that, when she was eighteen, she must go there for a whole year, unless she had passed an examination in the practice of all that concerns housewifery, very many girls would already be good housewives when they reached that age. As for those who were not, they would have to go to the school, of course, to their own great benefit, as well as the benefit of their kith and kin.

EDITH SELLERS.

### A RED-NECKED PHALAROPE.

How widely do the experiences of men differ both in variety and in intensity. To Smith a fight means a windy corner at Jutland: to Brown it means a front seat at the National Sporting Club. Smith misses the train and waits half an hour at Liverpool Street: Brown misses the ship and waits six months in an ice-cave on the Great Barrier. The experiences of Smith are all in the humdrum world. Those of Brown are all in the world of wonder: and yet it may be that those of Smith are no less momentous to him than his to Brown.

These and other irrelevant thoughts were suggested to me the other day by reading about one who had been hobnobbing in the Orkney Islands with a red-necked phalarope. Ardent as I am in the pursuit of birds, I have never aspired to meet a red-necked phalarope (I do not even know how to pronounce its name. Does it rhyme with tea or with soap?) It is adventure enough for us less fortunate ones to see a tree pipit making his parachute descent, or to hear a sedge-warbler chuckling and squeaking in the reeds. But the writer of the article would turn up his nose at pipits and sedge-warblers. Nothing less for him than a red-necked phalarope; and yet it may be that our pipit is as much to us as his phalarope to him, red neck and all. Let him then rejoice upon his mountain tops; for us the common earth is enough.

At this point I seem to hear the expert ornithologist utter a scornful laugh. 'What trifling is this,' he seems to say, 'pipits and sedge-warblers! Am I not he that, but last November, spent forty-eight hours up to my neck in a bog to get a sight of Temminck's stint, and that got it? Have not I seen through the grey mists of Breydon Water the rosy plumes of the shovelard, or spoonbill, bright as the dawn, and braved in its lair *Stercorarius pomatorhinus*, the Pomatorhine skua?'

Be it so. Let us concede to the expert his esoteric pleasures; but how rare they must be, and how uncomfortable! We others, the beginners, can have half a dozen adventures in the course of a Sunday walk, without any danger of catching cold. Ours are the humbler and more numerous joys of the chase, that the expert has lost for ever. He has known all birds for so long, and knows

them so well, that seldom or never can he feel again the excitement of meeting for the first time in the field a bird that hitherto he has known only in the books ; and that is the most exciting experience of all. There we beginners have him at a disadvantage. We live in the opulent and golden dawn, when at any time, at the very next bush, it may be, we may have a glimpse of a flash of wings that brings with it a sense of discovery. 'Red chest, black bib, and white forehead ; it is, it really is, a redstart at last !' And we swell with triumph as we think of the fresh tick that we shall be able to make with a pencil on the list when we get home. We can have such a thrill as that almost as often as we take a country walk—the expert is lucky if he has it once a year. He is luckier still if he has it without a wrangle with his fellow experts, who cast cold doubts upon his Temminck's stint, hinting that what he saw was nought but a common little stint, not *Erolia temmincki* at all, but insignificant *Erolia minuta*.

But even we beginners, if we are fully to enjoy the pursuit of birds, must follow some system and have some method in our pursuit. In the first place, by pursuit I do not mean pursuit with a gun, which, except for a man of science, seems to me a horrid business, but the pursuit of new acquaintances with no other weapons than the eye and the ear, and with no other trophy to show for a success in the pursuit than a pleasant memory and a tick on the list. That is the simplest and the best form of a very engaging pastime. Once that we have allowed ourselves to feel the intimate charm of birds, the first meeting with a new sort can give us, in a high degree, that simple but curiously intense form of gratification that is felt by the successful collector only. The gratification is not a very high one, perhaps ; but then, no more is that of any collector. There is a good deal of mere vanity in it, of vanity in the sense of one's own cleverness in knowing, for instance, that the little bird was a redstart, when another might have thought that it was a sparrow. There is a certain amount of snobbishness in it too. The pleasure of meeting an unusual bird is not very different from that of meeting a human celebrity ; but for all that it is an innocent and harmless occupation.

Let me give an example of its innocent vanities. . . . Once upon a time, and not long ago, I was sitting under a pine tree on Mousehold Heath when an active little bird flew up and began to clamber in an acrobatic way round and round the bole of another pine tree near by. I knew that I had never seen it before, and at

first my book-learning did not enable me to identify it. But after a while it turned its back to me, and I saw a white spot on the nape of its neck. 'A coal-tit, beyond all shadow of doubt!' I exclaimed, and felt that I had not lived in vain. My thoughts slipped back then to a day long before on which I had been walking in Piccadilly, and saw two long legs preceding me down the street. Following the long legs up to the distant head, my eyes recognised with emotion the familiar features of Lord Balfour. When I recognised the coal-tit on Mousehold Heath I realised, not without surprise, that I was experiencing the same sense of sudden satisfaction with which I recognised Lord Balfour in Piccadilly.

I am afraid that the collection of new acquaintances amongst birds is not, in reality, an occupation that differs much in the nature of its attraction from the collection of any other form of bric-à-brac. In spite of a cherished illusion to the contrary, it is not truly scientific: I doubt whether the bounds of knowledge are usefully extended by the observation that the chiffchaff was heard to sing this year for the first time on the ninth of the month. It is more aesthetic, perhaps, than other forms of collecting, in so far as a bird is a more aesthetic object than a postage stamp (and it undoubtedly is), but it is not really much more scientific. Nevertheless, if we are fully to enjoy the pursuit we must keep some rules. No doubtful meeting must be allowed to count. We must be content with no mere suspicion that the meteor that shot over the hedge just now, with a flutter and a squeak, was a reed bunting as likely as not. In order to count, and to justify a tick on the list, the meeting must be deliberate and the identification certain. A bird must be fairly and squarely interviewed before its acquaintance can be claimed.

One ought not, for instance, to count the gold-crest, until one has seen for certain the yellow streak along his crown, or the great tit, until one has observed the colour of the braid upon his yellow woolly waistcoat. The truly conscientious collector will go further, I think, and refuse to claim an acquaintance until he knows something for certain about its voice. Who could claim to have any really intimate acquaintance with the tits who did not know the more characteristic noises made by the different sorts? He need not wait until he knows all the noises that every sort makes, for that would take him years of study. But he can hardly count himself a friend of the tit family unless he can at least distinguish the melting and love-lorn little spring-song of the blue tit from the

staccato profanity of the same bird when another fellow bags his caterpillar, or the thin piping of the coal-tit from the excited chinking of the long tails, as they charge in echelon along the hedge-row. Birds become known to us through the ear even more than through the eye, and it is by sound even more than by sight that they reveal to us their intimate characters.

The rule of positive identification is an elementary and easy rule of the game, and there are other equally elementary rules, such as that only British birds may count towards the total bag. You must not include the parrot or the canary. But there are more advanced rules that are not so easy to apply. It is, for instance, a knotty point whether it is fair to count acquaintances that are made on the lake in St. James's Park. If it is fair to count them, then there are half a dozen points to the good at one sweep, and they are points that would otherwise be very difficult to score. It will be long enough before some of us tryst with the bernacle goose in his shy haunts in the Outer Hebrides, or with the red-crested pochard on one of his rare visits to the innermost recesses of the reedy Broad. But is it fair to count them? It is a nice case of conscience. There are obvious cases at the extremes, and very hard border-line cases in between. At one extreme, for instance, there are the pelicans. No reputable text-book that I have read admits the pelican to the British fauna, and so he must certainly not be counted. It is a great pity, because he and his processional family are more intimate friends than many an English bird, and they have a much more British manner and address than many natives have. I cannot imagine the wild-voiced widgeon standing up when the band plays 'God Save the King,' but I can imagine the pelican doing so, and indeed on the occasion of the trooping of the colour I have seen him, if not stand up, at least exhibit a marked emotion at the strains. The pelican, however, certainly must not count. At the other extreme of the problem there is the herring-gull that came and sat on the rock in the pond all last winter, and seemed to feed upon the aesthetic beauties of the Foreign Office, at which he gazed unceasingly, and had nothing else to eat. He was a voluntary dweller in the Park, *Fera natura*, and without a doubt a fair point in the game. But what about the sheldrakes? They are British, but I am sure that they did not come to the pond of their own accord. It is certainly very hard to know where to draw the line. I draw it myself between the common sheldrakes and the ruddy sort. The common shel-



drake counts a point, but the ruddy sheldrake (there is here, by the way, no euphemism) does not. The principle is that the parks may save one mere expense, but not the pains involved in the pursuit of a rarity. I count the one, because I might see him any day if I cared to spend the money on a ticket to his Scottish haunts. I do not count the other, because I should be very unlikely to see him anywhere in the British Islands, however many tickets I might take. In the same way I count the tufted duck in the Park, because he is to be seen any day for the price of a ticket to the Broads. But were the red-necked phalarope to swim into my astonished ken between Birdcage Walk and Pall Mall I would not count him, because the sight of him in his wild state is not to be bought in the British Isles by silver or gold, but comes by watching and fasting only.

Nests and eggs are another difficult question. To claim true acquaintance with a bird, must one be acquainted with its nest and eggs? Now, to this question different people will answer in different ways; but for my part I have no opinion of nest-and-egg hunting, and for several reasons. It is messy work; when the nest is in a thorny tree it is a painful work; and it leads to intrusions upon the privacy of one's friends of a sort that they are undoubtedly accustomed to resent. If they wanted me to look at their nests they would put them where I could see them. But they do not. They are very careful to hide them; and I must suppose that to be because they do not want me to look at them. I have noticed, too, that when one visits them in their nests their manner is not welcoming. I have visited one nest only this year, and my reception on that occasion did not encourage me to repeat the experience. It was the nest of a gold-crest. I was walking in a sunlit wood when, at the corner of a ride where there was a clump of firs of the Christmas-tree sort, I heard a continuous piping, the familiar call of the gold-crest. Guessing that there must be a nest near by, I sat down under a tree and kept quite still. For a long time I saw nothing definite, only the hint of small things fitting rapidly at times across the brilliant chequer-work of light and dark green. At last a gold-crest appeared in full sight, shoving her way under a low bough within a few yards of me. I looked under the bough, and I found hanging there her tiny home, a fragile hammock of moss and softest wool that a breath would have destroyed. Not dreaming that there was anything in it but eggs, I drew the bough gently down so as to look inside, when suddenly

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the hen flew off, and then, to my consternation, with a whirr of little wings two fledglings darted out against my chest and sank to the ground. They were bright green, and so small that it seemed that no living thing could ever have been smaller. I caught them and put them back into their nursery, while their parent sat on a neighbouring bough and uttered cries of despair. 'Surely,' I thought, 'your anxieties are big enough already without my adding to them. If you could distinguish between me, who wish your babies well, and a weasel, who wishes them ill, I should be grateful to you. But you cannot; so for the future you and your likes shall do your domestic duties unterrified by me': and I hurried away, thoroughly discountenanced. After all, when one passes the house of a human acquaintance one does not push one's head in at the nursery window and frighten the baby into fits by poking it with an enormous finger. Were one to forget oneself so far as to do so, the lady of the house would be quite justified in flying at one with heart-rending cries and beating one about the head, as the bird does: and I do not see why the same rule of good manners should not apply to all friends, feathered and unfeathered. So now when I suspect the presence of a nest I look the other way and pretend not to notice it, as propriety requires. It would be pleasant to see it, but it is pleasanter still to imagine the bird saying to herself, 'Dash! he has found it. No, he hasn't, he is going on! Magnificent! Lord, how cleverly I have hidden it!'

Beautiful as they are, nests and eggs are not half as interesting as the living creatures that make them. The commonest bird is full of wonders that do not reveal themselves to the first glance. How astonishingly beautiful, for instance, the great tit is if one looks at him closely. In the books and the museums he is hardly noticeable. Even as he pursues his occupations about the face of the world, at first sight there is not much of interest about him but his ox-eye and his yellow waistcoat. But look at him closely and there is more to be seen. Freshly oiled and preened, the greens and browns of his back fade into each other as if he wore a brocaded coat of watered silk. When the pinion feathers are pressed close to his back in rest, the coloured bands of his coat-tails make a pattern, liquid in shades, and yet clear in structure, that baffles while it enchants the eye. Even the sparrow wears a coat that has a pattern so harmoniously adjusted and so intricate that it needs careful observation to be understood. Millions of

us have seen millions of cock sparrows, but few of us could tell from memory how the browns and blacks are adjusted on their backs.

The living bird is the thing, and fortunate is the beginner who has many first introductions still before him. But, alas! the gold of his dawn soon fades: the rate at which new acquaintances are added soon falls. Last year I made some eighty new ticks upon my list: this year I have made but twelve. To make any next year, or at least the year after next, I fear that I shall have to join the heroic band of the experts who sit in bogs. Meanwhile, this year's twelve were good enough: and of these the most gratifying and distinguished was undoubtedly the kingfisher. As I stood by the river one day in spring, out of the tail of my eye I saw a dark object that drifted up like a wind-blown leaf and rested on the grass near by. A closer glance showed that it was a very young kingfisher. He sat bolt-upright in a constrained manner, and held his bill straight up above his head, regarding the universe out of the corner of his eyes with an expression of innocent surprise. He seemed quite unused to the wicked ways of the world, for when I took him up he sat quite still on my finger and never stirred, save that from time to time he spread and shut his neat little fan of a tail. The sun shone on the enamelled feathers of his wings and back and made iridescent reflections of glorious green and blue light. After a little I set him on the bough of a willow, and he stayed there quietly for a time: but when I tried to take him into my hand again he sped away across the river like an arrow. Already he had learnt one sad lesson—to distrust mankind. All the while that I was watching him he sat with his dagger of a beak straight up in the air and squinted uneasily downwards, following motions near at hand with rolling eyes. The little innocent had the manner of one who performs with pride some difficult and distasteful duty, and I wondered whatever he could imagine the duty to be, and why he thought it necessary to perform it.

There was another day this year that was marked with a bright red letter, as red as the neck of a phalarope. It was that on which I met for the first time two birds that I knew well in the books, but had begun to think that I should never meet anywhere else—the tree-creeper, and the nuthatch. I met them both in the same lane on the lower slopes of Hindhead, and within a few minutes of each other. As I was gazing vacantly up into an old ash, I was conscious of something gentle and soft that flopped on to the bole

of a tree within a few yards of me, and adhered there, as if it were stuck on with gum. I looked at it, and saw a tiny creature with a Roman nose and a white waistcoat that began to hoist itself up the tree by a series of queer little mousy jerks. That was a creeper, of course. It probed and dug about in crannies of the bark with an air of languid melancholy. When it disappeared, I chanced to look at an elm tree across the road, and as I looked I saw a brisk, busy little bird run out along a low bough, hammer it hard with his bill, this way and that, with his whole body jumping to the strokes, dart a glance all round, and hurry off as if he had an hour's work to get into the next minute. 'The text-books give one little idea of the most interesting thing about birds,' I thought, 'about their character and personality. I had received the impression from my reading that the creeper and the nuthatch, which are both little birds that run about on trees, were very much alike. But there never were two people more different. The creeper is all softness and vagueness. The nuthatch is a powerful engine, compact and hard, and full of business and efficiency.' Curiously enough, however, the creeper, for all his softness, is far the more successful of the two in the struggle for existence. He covers the whole world, and abounds in numbers and in species, while the nuthatch is far less abundant, and has but few species in comparison. There must be more in the unobtrusive ways of the creeper than meets the eye. Perhaps in his circles, as in others, it pays better in the long run to get what you want with as little publicity as possible, than to waste your energies in acquiring a great reputation for efficiency.

There is indeed no consistency about birds. There is very little about any animal, but there is least of all about birds. The different sorts all have different ways of doing the same thing. When a nightingale wants to amuse his mate upon the nest, he makes the most ravishing music. A drake, for the same purpose, makes a harsh outcry that could hardly charm, one would suppose, the most adoring duck. Even in activities in which the laws of motion and of mechanics might have been expected to produce uniformity, their conduct shows the greatest diversity. There are several sorts of small birds, for instance, that get their living by catching insects on the wing. One might have expected that in the course of ages nature would have discovered the best way of catching insects on the wing, and that all the small birds concerned would have been taught to catch them in that way by the laws

of evolution. But in fact they all catch them in different ways. The swift, the confident and untroubled king of the air, sweeps to and fro, far aloft, in long straight lines, turning little, but aiming at his fly from afar, and giving it, by his lightning speed, no time in which to dodge. The swallow and the martin hunt, like the swift, by continuous flight, but, unlike the swift, they curve and turn and twist about. The brilliant green bee-eater (*Merops viridis*), that I have watched by Indian streams, falls from his bough, glides slowly hither and thither, with wings as motionless as those of an aeroplane, and seems, when he rises to perch upon the bough again, to retain, still unexhausted, that impulse which he received from his initial descent. The spotted fly-catcher also starts and ends his flight upon a bough, but with whirling wings and short, swift zigzag course he fills many square yards of space with a soft mist of feathers. The unfortunate fly must think that it is pursued, not by one bird, but by a thousand. Each of these different ways of catching flies serves its exponent well enough. Swallows as a rule are no more numerous and no fatter than swifts; and merops, with his sumptuous emerald dress, is certainly no less well-to-do in the world than the more active but far less decorative fly-catcher. Why should they trouble to do the same thing in such different ways? Perhaps there are different sorts of flies, some that fly straight, and some that fly crookedly; some that are spry and have to be taken by surprise, and some that are less wary, and need not to be pursued with so much energy. It may be so, but the books are silent about it if it is. Perhaps it is easier to believe that it is all nothing but temperament and temperature. The fly-catcher bustles, because he is an active northerner. The bee-eater glides in quiet curves because he is an Oriental, and to do otherwise would be too heating under an Indian sun.

But I wander too far from the rules of collecting acquaintance amongst birds. Let me emulate the swift, and make straighter at the fly.

Though it is a matter rather of prejudice than of principle, a word should be said in dispraise of mere lion-hunting. Of course, if all other birds have become familiar, there is nothing for it but to repair to the Orkneys and pursue the red-necked phalarope. But there can be no reason for so arduous a course as long as there are still acquaintances to make amongst the fields and hedges of the common countryside. Are not the wheat-ear and the wag-tails better than all the *Stercorariidæ* of the Hebrides? They

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are more pleasant to look at, and they are far nicer in their ways. Who could really care to meet a bird that lives, like the skua, by stealing fish upon the high seas? It would take a very hardened lion-hunter to boast of an acquaintance with a pirate and a parasite: and yet I have known people to boast of their acquaintance with a skua. A phalarope is at least a respectable and law-abiding bird. It is indeed a model of the domestic virtues. As Mr. Julian Huxley has recently assured us, even in the cheerless climate of Spitzbergen, where, if anywhere, a bird might be forgiven for seeking distractions, the cock phalarope follows unswervingly the path of rectitude and of domesticity. On second thoughts I am not quite sure whether the bird in question, which has all the domestic virtues, is the phalarope or the pratincole. I find it, alas! impossible to distinguish between the two, just as some people find it impossible to distinguish between the names of Bushell and Ellis. Naturalists, no doubt, are aware of many important differences. But the two names are so much alike, and they usually come so close together in the books, that to me they are as one. One of the two, at any rate, is a very domestic bird, and a far more respectable acquaintance than the skua.

The principle against lion-hunting could, of course, very easily be carried to an extreme that would be merely puritanical. Let me give an instance. A traveller to the Continent by one of the most prosaic of routes stands a chance at one point of seeing one of the rarest and most beautiful of birds. The route is that from Harwich to The Hook. As the packet comes alongside the wharf in the Nieuwe See Gracht, if the traveller takes his field-glasses and looks across at the shore of the island on the other side of the Channel, he may see an avocet. The shy beauties nest amongst the sandy channels on the sea side of the island, but sometimes they wander in to feed on the banks of the Gracht, quite close to the wharf. When a fellow-passenger told me to look at that shore and I should see an avocet, I said to myself, 'It is not an English avocet, but a Dutch avocet. Moreover, I have never seen a grey wagtail, and I cannot tell a sanderling from a stint. Who am I that I should see an avocet?' But then, I thought, 'What is this but barren asceticism?' And I looked, and I saw an avocet wading in the shallows. Presently the graceful, fragile thing rose into the air, gliding in circles, shining in the sun, and showing me its restrained and distinguished decoration of black and white. It uttered, as it flew, its wild and musical call of 'Clouee! clouee!'

and I felt that I was having the most wonderful experience that the world of birds has to give, and was glad that I had not been a Puritan.

So I have seen an avocet ; but, except in dreams, a phalarope never. In a dream, indeed, I have seen one. There was in the dream a vast forest tree that stood upon a dark mountain-side. As I approached it from below, I noticed that its boughs shone with a brilliant halo of prismatic colours, a circular halo, like that which is sometimes seen around the sun on a misty day. Coming closer, I saw that the halo was made by the light shining from the wings of countless little birds that sat upon the boughs of the tree. The circles of light centred in an intense glow of deep, blood-red light, that shone from the middle of the halo. 'What is that glorious light?' I asked my companion ; and he answered in awestruck tones, 'That is the red-necked phalarope.' They say that dreams are omens. I hope that this one was, and that some day in the fullness of time my list may show a tick against the name of even this most distinguished bird.

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The crimson-necked phalarope,  
(Or do I rather live in hope  
To see the red-necked phalarope ?)

HILTON YOUNG.

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### THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

ELIZABETH came into the room with a black dress over her arm. Mary, her sister, who was writing letters at the table by the lamp, raised her eyes.

'Where's mother?' she asked.

'In her bedroom.'

'Is she all right?'

'Yes, I think so.'

Elizabeth found her work-basket and threaded her needle.

'Mother is bearing up wonderfully,' she said with a smile; 'that's what they always say of widows, isn't it? Somehow I can't help wondering if the bearing-up doesn't mean that there's not much to bear. We're all so dreadfully conventional about birth and death—aren't we?'

Mary looked with clear, rather luminous eyes at her sister. 'Yes,' she answered; 'we never dare speak the truth about either. I think, with you, that lots of widows have a sort of feeling of getting out of prison at last. The others bear up because a shock numbs pain.'

Elizabeth propped her round chin on her hand.

'I think,' she said with resolute truthfulness, 'that it'll be getting out of prison for mother. No one will snub or scold her now. I don't see how she can help not feeling happier in her freedom.'

'Isn't it terribly sad not to miss the dead?' asked Mary. 'If Stephen died there would be nothing left—he'd take everything with him. I'd only be a husk.'

'But you are not married yet.'

'No, but it would always be like that. Daddy and Mother were quite different.'

'We don't know how they began. Mary! are we horrid to talk like this when Daddy only died *this morning*?'

'No, because words are crystallised thoughts and thoughts are true. Besides, we loved Daddy—as a father, I mean. It was only as Mother's husband I disapproved of him. We shall miss him always—he was a nice father, but I could never forgive him for jeering at mother.'

'Yes, I hated that, but still I understood it. I think Daddy fancied himself rather like Mr. Bennet in "Pride and Prejudice." So many people have a pose like that. Mother is so gentle, so humble-minded, so devoted, that her very sweetness aggravated him. I've got his perversity in me, and I could understand his wanting to jibe at Mother, even while I hated it.'

'It was like shooting arrows at a cushion. It was unfair.'

'Yes, but she shouldn't have let him. I often wonder why they married. They'd very little in common. Mother didn't appreciate his mordant wit, his odd, warped sort of humour. He got a screw on to his jokes and she couldn't take them. She was just hurt and frightened.'

Mary considered her engagement ring with grave eyes. 'She shouldn't have let him treat her like that,' she said. 'I wouldn't have it in my husband. Not, of course, that Stephen ever could treat me like that.'

Elizabeth smiled with a Puckish gleam in her eyes. She often looked like her father.

'My good child, you can't talk yet,' she protested, 'you're only just engaged. What do you know about love?'

'Everything!' The answer was full of conviction and simplicity. Mary, though she laughed at herself, believed truly that no two beings had ever found a love so exquisite, so full, so strong, so eternal as this of hers and Stephen's.

Elizabeth's mouth twitched with amusement.

'Well! Mother said she and Daddy made a love match; yet, look at the result. Was there anything eternal and romantic about it? Mother was just a sort of target for Daddy's most pointed jeers, and a sort of buffer for his moods when his liver was out of order. Don't be too sure that Stephen won't refer to *you* as "my poor wife" in a few years.'

Mary flushed with annoyance.

'How aggravating you are,' she said; 'you simply don't know Stephen, and you don't know love.'

'Don't I, my dear? I haven't seen much of *love*, for it lasts so short a time. Passion is another matter. Most people are the dupes of passion. They mistake it for love. They think they've found some beautiful, eternal, spiritual affinity, and they're merely the slaves of nature, who at all costs and without the faintest regard for our spirits demands the continuation of the race.'

Mary gave a little snort of disgust.

'Really!' she exclaimed. 'I'm sorry for you, Betsy. A little science is a dangerous thing! On the strength of a few lessons in biology or some such stuff you talk this fatuous materialism. I can't argue about love, I don't want to, it's sacred. But I pity the people who talk like you!'

Elizabeth laughed. She had her father's provoking trick of remaining good-tempered when the adversary lost temper.

'Camouflaged natural instinct!' she said. 'When you've been married ten, twenty, thirty years I shall ask you if Stephen is still Bayard and Galahad rolled into one, and if romance is all that you thought it. For the devotion of an elderly couple does really impress me.'

There was silence. Mary's anger and disdain made her return to her letter-writing, and Elizabeth stitched in silence. But the Puckish spirit that possessed her would not be withheld and she made her jibe.

'And will Stephen be allowed to have platonic friends like Lady Frazer and Nina Barrington?' Mary's cheeks were very pink.

'I trust Stephen,' she declared. 'Of course, he can have what friends he likes—besides, you know there was no harm in Daddy's friendships.'

'No; but would you like Lady Frazer quoted to you every day and her raiment extolled? And would you like another Nina playing puss-puss round Stephen?'

Mary's honest eyes met her sister's.

'No, I'd hate it. I'd want to kill them both, though I like Lady Frazer. She appreciates Mother. I think she understood Daddy better than Mother did. Often the people who don't love understand better because they don't get hurt so easily. Of course, Nina is just a minx, but Daddy didn't quite see through her.'

'His aesthetic sense appreciated her youth. Men love youth however foolish it is.'

'Betsy! What do you know about men?'

'Plenty, my dear child. I see that a man at forty-five is entirely different from a man at twenty-five. You don't realise that. You expect Stephen to have only one phase in his life—being in love with you.'

Mary's dignity made her return to her letter-writing again. But Elizabeth, still pricked by inherited perversity, could not be silent.

'Mary . . . I can't help wondering what Daddy will do now.'

Do you picture him waiting to welcome Mother at the gates of Heaven ?'

Mary, slower and more candid in her thoughts, paused to consider.

'No, I don't,' she said at last. 'I think he'll find another affinity, for I've always felt certain that Mother belongs spiritually to someone else—to some big, simple, country squire, someone who'd pet her and make much of her, and read prayers in the evening, and hold her hand when they sit in the chimney corner.'

'Yet I suppose Daddy and she once vowed eternal devotion.'

'I suppose so. It's very sad. It puzzles me.'

'Personally I like our old grandfather's favourite motto: "Give me deeds, not words." At least three men have offered to die for me, but not one of them offered to clean my bicycle, which would have been devotion much more easily and pleasantly proved.'

Mary sighed and dipped her pen in the ink.

'I must finish this letter to Cousin Alice,' she said. 'What would she say if she could hear us talking? She always speaks of dead people in a hushed voice as if they were asleep on the sofa.'

'Yes, and it always annoyed Daddy so. Oh, Mary, I can't think of him as dead—he was so funny.'

Elizabeth rose and stretched. The house seemed very still. There was a footfall in their mother's room overhead, and the scrape of some heavy weight on the floor.

'What is Mother doing?' asked Mary.

'I don't know. I'm going to bed. Will you look in on her as you go up? You suit her better than I do.'

'Very well! Good-night!'

Elizabeth went upstairs in the dark. Economy demanded the saving of gas. She paused at the door of her father's room and listened. The silence seemed audible and throbbing.

'Good-night, Daddy,' she whispered, 'you're not dead, really. I don't believe it, and I'll miss you always . . . always.'

Suddenly the waves of a strange passionate pity overwhelmed her and she went to bed in a storm of tears.

While the girls were talking, their mother went softly to the top of the stairs and listened. The study door was shut. She would be alone for awhile. With a curious elation she returned to her bedroom and shut and locked her door. Then kneeling down, a little stiffly, she drew a tin box from under the bed. She

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wore the key on a chain round her neck. In the box were legal papers and a few packets of letters. Eleanor put the letters on the bed and lighted a candle. Her face, in spite of its wrinkles, had some undeniable youthfulness about it. Her eyes were luminous, soft, like her daughter Mary's. There were no traces of tears about them.

The letters were collected in packets with elastic rings round them. The date was written on each, and several bore some little note, such as 'my birthday' or 'our first parting' or 'Christmas Day.' Several of the letters were brown, faded and torn. They had been worn inside a dress and read again and again until they were nearly in pieces.

One of the most ragged was the letter she selected now, bending her head over it so that her white hair gleamed in the candle-light.

'Dearest,' the letter said, 'I don't ask you to forgive me, because I don't think one can forgive where one loves. I know I hurt you to-night. I wanted to. That's what I can't understand—because I love you I want to hurt you. Love seems to me a ghastly, savage business, jealous, possessive, exacting. If half is from God the other half is from the devil, and the two war together.

'They war together in me, and I'm bewildered, horrified, scared by my own temperament, which is the battle-ground.

'I'm made that way—you saw it to-night. I made much of that silly girl; I seemed careless of you, indifferent. Even while you were as a goddess to me I was twitting you, neglecting you, showing off my irony and cynicism. I wanted to see you jealous. I was proud as Lucifer to see the trouble in your pretty eyes. I wanted to feel my mastery over you.

'Eleanor, dear—try to understand me. Try to love me with this ugly streak in me. I hate it, but I can't get rid of it. You're bound to see it often. Your own nature is simple, lucid, exquisitely kind, and trustful. My queerness will hurt you. Well, then, try to believe this: While I'm shocking you I'm adoring you. To-night as I went out with that simpleton of a girl, I turned on the drive to look back at you. You were framed in the light from the hall and you seemed to me like a statue of the Madonna.

'I can understand now why Mariolatry is such a force in Christendom. Mary is the type of all women loved and trusted, Mother and Virgin, infinitely above us, yet always bending to our

needs. You're that to me—religion, happiness, home, everything that can save me from outer darkness. Bend down from your shrine and pity me even if you can't forgive.

'Remember that the devils knew and worshipped goodness. So do I even when I'm devilish. So love me still, it's my one chance of Heaven.

'Yours in life and death,

'FRANCIS.'

Eleanor read this letter three times, then she put it down and gazed through tears at the candle till the flame seemed to blaze inside a fiery crown of thorns. The intensity of her concentration on an old memory made her see again the man who had gone home to write the letter. She saw him turn at the foot of the steps to look back at her. Unhappy, frightened as she had been by his caprices, his sarcasm, she had realized at that moment what she was to him. He had looked wistful as a soul shut out from Paradise, as a dog turned from a kindly door. His eyes had worshipped her in that sudden honouring glance. Diffident as she was, she had known it with a passion of love and gratitude.

To this man she spoke—she seemed to herself to speak aloud, but it was a voice in her mind only that spoke, her lips remained closed.

'Oh! Francis,' said the inward voice, 'it's not for me to forgive, I've failed too so much. Do you know, my dear, . . . if I'd loved you less I'd have done better, I'd have been wiser. I was so easily hurt . . . I couldn't take you lightly, gaily. I'm not clever as you are. I'm literal and dull . . . there's too much of the faithful sheep-dog about me. Men don't like that. Mabel Frazer understood you so well. I wasn't really jealous of her, Francis. She wasn't like Nina. I—oh! I've hated Nina. You loved her youth and prettiness, but she's a minx. She didn't love you. She just liked the flattery of your friendship because you're a well-known writer and she can tell people how well she knows you.

'I have been jealous of her. I've been cruelly, odiously jealous. I was jealous of Mabel Frazer too, but differently. I envied her the gifts that charmed you . . . her gay worldly wisdom, her lovely voice, her nice clothes. Yes, I see how I've failed you, my dearest, and yet I started with such high hopes. But love is so different from what girls think . . . it's so far harder, so much sterner . . . it asks everything of one—body, soul, and spirit. The spirit . . . that's the hard part. I used to think before we



married that I could stand any test, that I'd be faithful whatever you did. But I imagined impossible things, that you murdered or forged or something of that sort.

"If thou wert scorned  
I would kill my pride  
And humble and outcast would live with thee,"

as the song says.

'I used to love that poem about the knight who got leprosy and his lady followed him to the leper camp. Mother said it was morbid. But I almost envied the woman who'd a chance to do that. I would have done it for you.

'But I never imagined the likely things, that you'd get a little bored with me. No! I'm not blaming you, Frank; you just couldn't help it. And when you felt ill you couldn't help being irritable—people always are, specially clever men who write as you do. Only I couldn't realise that you loved me. All that seemed to have gone, and the blank was too awful.'

Her eyes filled with tears that rolled over on to her clasped hands.

'Doing without your love was too awful,' she repeated. 'I'd never imagined that. I'm not religious—not religious enough, I mean, and I feel nothing could make up for you—not God even, for your love and God had been all mixed up together in my mind. But one may have to do without. I see that now. Love is giving, not asking. I feel God keeps saying that. Girls think that love is passion and all the loveliness and romance of courtship. Those things are the outward signs, just as bands and flags and shouting crowds are the signs of patriotism; but the reality of patriotism lay in the long years of mud and horror in the trenches . . . the lice and rats and hunger and sleeplessness when all the glory had faded. Love is like that: love lies in the long years of feeling forgotten and on the shelf—it's the holding on in spite of everything. I see that, and I see where I've failed.'

The study door opened as Elizabeth came out and the mother listened acutely, her face young and frightened. She was fearful of interruption.

'I don't want them to comfort me,' she explained to the image of the young man she remembered; 'they don't really understand. They didn't know *you*.'

She took another letter from her packet. On it was written 'Our first parting.' It was so brown and tattered with its long

pressure against her heart and its many readings that she had to hold the pieces together.

'Since you left me,' he wrote, 'there seems a queer futility in everything. I can't understand why the posters are concerned about agrarian trouble in Ireland or murder or sudden death. I expect every one of them to say "Eleanor has gone to Paris," or "Eleanor has left England."

'I'd never realised that one woman—not so very large, either—can dominate all the world. You'll say this is lover's nonsense. Yet haven't I a name for cynicism? It's just that I'm finding out the eternal verities and that I express them in the foolish terms of other men.

'Truly I hadn't expected such a blank. Now that there's no chance of meeting you about the squares or the streets of this dull city I can see no romance or beauty anywhere. My intelligence still notes certain good bits of architecture, or fine effects of light and cloud, but the meaning seems to have gone. Beauty means you. Without you beauty only accentuates my loneliness.

'I had a dream last night. Let me tell you, it was so wonderfully vivid.

'Before I went to bed I was reading Dante—I want to rub up my Italian before our honeymoon in Italy; God speed the day! I went to sleep after midnight and I dreamt of you. I often do.

'You were walking round a garden with another man, he was tall and fair. I waited for you by a fountain. I was so anxious for you to notice me. You came towards me. You were dressed in blue, and you'd a white rose in your pretty dark hair. You talked to the other man all the time, and when you were near me you looked up and met my eyes with utter unrecognition. You weren't unkind, your eyes were sweet as they always are. Just you didn't know me . . . had no response for me. Ah! it was ghastly. I woke up as terrified as a child in a nightmare.

'Promise me that it can't happen. I feel that I can't lose you. Without you I think Heaven would torture me with its raptures. But I'm not a likely candidate for Heaven, am I? How long will they keep me in Purgatory? And will you wait? Whatever I do, will you wait for me? Will you be patient? Will you pray and hope? Will you, as Christina Rossetti says, "Watch the slow door, which letting in lets out no more"? Write to me. I'm terrified.'

Eleanor bent her head and kissed the letter. Again she spoke

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in the voice of the spirit. 'It's you who'll have to wait for me now, Frank,' she said, and her eyes, looking at the flame of the candle, saw instead the man who had come to meet her on her return from Paris. All his welcome had been in his face, radiant as he caught sight of her. 'I've been waiting,' she explained, 'it's I who've been the lonely one. It was you who seemed to go away. I can't explain . . . but it was like your dream. You were here with me every day . . . but a stranger looked out of your eyes, someone who didn't know me or care for me.'

'It terrified me too. That was why I was dull and timid and stupid. The strange, sarcastic you frightened me so. He seemed always belittling me. The other you was so different, so gentle, so courteous. It's ghastly to miss a person when he's there beside you. It's a worse loneliness than death or separation. If it hadn't been for these letters of yours I think I'd have been desperate. I'd have gone away, hidden somewhere out of your sight.'

'Even so I was always thinking that Mabel Frazer was the right woman for you, that some day I'd have to give you up to her. I'll have to if it makes you happy, but she hasn't borne for you what I've borne. That's the test.'

'I've loved you the most. I'm the mother of your children. Not Powers nor Principalities can take that from me.'

Eleanor's cheeks were flushed. Youth itself had never made her comelier. Her breath came quickly. Her eyes shone. Almost, it seemed, her love could conjure up the man who had won her undying faith. 'I'm stupid and obvious,' she pleaded, 'I know I am. I irritated you every day. But God will help me to be cleverer. I am the right woman for you, Francis. No one thought so. Some thought me too good, and some too dull. But I was only dull because you frightened me. When you're kind again I shall be gay and light-hearted as I used to be. I'd wait for you for a million years—two million, if only you'd love me, need me.'

'My dearest, if you could speak to me, make some sign. If only you'd been conscious and able to give me some little hope before you died.'

There was no answer, but a breath of spring wind suddenly stirred the candle flame and blew the tattered letter against her hands. It seemed to her a sign and she took comfort. Still she knelt, trying desperately to break down the barrier of death.

A tap at the door recalled her almost violently to the realm of the actual.

'Who's there?' she asked.

'Me, Mother dear.'

'What is it, Mary?'

'I want you a minute.'

Eleanor rose from her knees, pushed the tin box under the bed, hid the letters under her eiderdown, and went to the door. She unlocked and opened it. Mary stood outside, anxiety and shyness in her eyes.

The two women were much alike—large, motherly, comely.

'What is it, dear?' asked the mother.

'I want to go to Daddy's room, but I don't like going alone. I want to say Good-night. Will you come?'

'Why, yes, of course I will.'

Mary had a candle. She gave it to her mother and let her lead the way into the dark room. The air was heavy and sweet with the scent of narcissus, white lilac and Bermuda lilies, a scent that seems strangely to mingle hope with sorrow and mourning, death with resurrection. The room was chilly, for the window was open behind the Venetian blind.

Eleanor put the candle on a table at the foot of the bed. The room seemed austere white and still, remote from daily life—and far removed from all the commonplace of the day was the figure barely outlined by the sheet.

The two women stood hand in hand. They were silent. Then Mary, moved by a sudden tender pity like Elizabeth's, began to cry. She went to the bedside, knelt down and prayed.

Eleanor still remained standing. Her face was illumined. Only in the young days of her married life had she looked so happy. Death was the threshold of new hope to her. In losing her husband she had found her lover. The white fragrant flowers were symbolic of bridal estate. This was her initiation into that cult of the dead which enchains so many women. Not prayer, but thanksgiving rose in her heart as she stood there.

Mary, deepened and transformed by her own happiness, felt a passion of pity for both her parents. An almost maternal tenderness was in her feeling for her mother. Rising from her knees she clasped Eleanor in her strong arms.

'Darling little Mother,' she whispered as she kissed her. Her thoughts said 'She has never known real love, she never will.' And the mother, as she kissed her daughter, thought 'She does not know real love yet—not as I know it.'

W. M. LETTS.

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### *A BORDER PARALLEL: INDIA AND SCOTLAND.*

AN achievement of Lord Chelmsford's Viceroyalty, which passed unnoticed amid the turmoil of internal reform, was the vital change of policy in dealing with certain tribes of the North-West Frontier for which his Government were responsible. The question is still engaging the earnest attention of Lord Reading's Government, and the time is, therefore, not unsuitable for a comparison with a similar problem which troubled our own country for generations, and to the proper comprehension of the parallel a very brief review of policy on the North-West Frontier of India is a necessary preliminary.

From the time of Herodotus, and possibly for centuries before that, there has existed on the North-West Frontier of India a turbulent no-man's-land inhabited by hardy tribesmen who defied all efforts at control, whatever kings or sultans, races or creeds might rule in India or Afghanistan. Armies might traverse the passes, peoples might migrate through their hills: they resisted, fell back or took toll as occasion offered, but retained their savage independence.

The Sikhs, our immediate predecessors as the ruling power of the North-West, treated the Pathans with absolute barbarity, partly from religious hatred, partly from administrative incapacity. In fact their administration consisted of little else than periodical invasions by an army which devastated the country and decimated the people under the name of revenue collection. Their incursions, however, did not, as a rule, extend into the hills: and to certain hill tribes they paid blackmail for the sake of peace.

The British Government, on succeeding to the Sikh inheritance in 1846, established an ordered administration in the plains and faintly hoped that, if they let the tribesmen of the hills alone, the tribesmen would let their subjects alone. This pious hope was rudely disappointed. Although blackmail was paid as it had been paid before by the Sikhs, and the system was widely extended under the name of tribal allowances, offences by the hillmen continued as before and had to be punished from time to time by expeditions which, if not as barbaric as the Sikh incursions, could certainly not be described as civilised warfare.

The 'close border system' of Lord Lawrence remained for

many years the practice on the whole line. It was discarded on the southern part thereof by a Scot of genius who, though trained on the northern half where the close border school was paramount, sought and found a new policy. His main methods were to enter into close relations with the tribesmen, to visit and open out their country, to march in at their request with a strong escorting force, to re-establish and work the tribal system of patriarchal government, to secure peace with the British Government by tribal allowances and tribal service, and by securing a strong central position to ensure adequate return for the payments. To this policy are due the peaceable acquisition and retention of Beluchistan from 1876 onwards, and the security thus given to the Indian Empire.

Sir Robert Sandeman, who was beginning the extension of his methods to Waziristan when he died in 1892, was helped in his schemes for military reasons. Military reasons led, also, about this time to the spread of British power up the passes of the more northerly portion of the frontier; and Political Agents were placed in charge of the tribe adjoining them, but though allowances and tribal service, to some extent, were utilised as means of control, there was no real extension of the Sandeman system beyond the small portion of Waziristan to which he had begun to apply it. Blackmail and punitive expeditions continued as before to be the recognised policy.

Meanwhile the Durand line was laid down as the boundary of Afghanistan, and thus the frontiers of the debatable land were determined by that on the West and by the administrative border of British India on the East.

Lord Curzon, with his policy of Frontier Militias and trust in Frontier tribes, in some ways gave an extension to the Sandeman policy, but the Militias gradually became too regularised and thus lost touch with tribal feeling, and no signs were visible of any grasp of Sandeman's essential point of a dominating central position in the country from which to support the existing tribal organisation, to work it to suit Government and to secure a real return for the allowances granted.

Under the stress of war Lord Curzon's policy broke down, and nowhere was the collapse more complete than in Waziristan, which was abandoned by British forces in the Afghan War of 1919, and where all semblance of authority and order passed away.

Since then the military steam-roller has been passed over a large portion of Waziristan: many sections of the tribesmen, both

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Mahsuds and Wazirs, have made peace, and in all sections a considerable portion desire peace : but the malcontents are still many and give constant trouble. The country is being opened up by roads, and a garrison has been located in the heart of it : local levies are again being utilised, and if allowances are restored, it should be possible to secure an adequate return of work. The bones of the Sandeman policy are there, but Lord Chelmsford's experiment of retaining, opening out, and administering the country requires the spirit as well as the framework to ensure success.

In any case the issue will not be decided quickly, and meanwhile it is interesting to turn to the parallel to the Indian Borderland, and especially to Waziristan, that is furnished by old-time conditions on the English and Scottish Border. Let us listen to the chronicler.

'The position which the native of the Borderland occupied was probably unique in history. It was his destiny to be a dweller on that . . . land frontier between two ever hostile kingdoms. His family, his home and all his belongings were ever within the zone of military operations, where there was little respite from the clash of arms and where his good sword was the only guarantee for his life and his property. . . . The invader broke in and swept the land like a tempest : whole families were massacred and their lands laid waste. . . . Fearful as were those invasions, however, they never succeeded in completely crushing the irregular Border warrior, who, for so many long years, checked their progress northward. . . . The invader had not only to reckon with men of dauntless valour and great powers of endurance, but with men whose recuperative powers and cunning tricks of ambush made them equally dangerous and perplexing. The heaviest reverses might scatter and reduce, but could never quite crush the Border clansmen. Defeat only drove them back to the shelter of their hinterlands . . . there to gather up their strength, to repair their losses and to mature their plans of retaliation upon their foes.'<sup>1</sup>

The Border clansmen, whose description is here pronounced unique, are not those of the North-West Frontier of India, but those who held the Debatable Land between the kingdoms of England and Scotland not so many hundred years ago ; the same conditions continued till long after the union of the two kingdoms,

<sup>1</sup> *The Condition of the Border at the Time of the Union*, by John Graham (Routledge and Sons, 1907), from which the above and all other quotations in this article are taken.

and the final outburst of raiding occurred in the disorders following the rising of 1745. The richer and more populous kingdom of England takes the place of India, the ruder and more mountainous kingdom of Scotland that of Afghanistan, and in between lies the tangle of the Debatable Land, more allied in race and customs to the smaller kingdom, but resisting the invasion of both kingdoms alike, though with more hostility to the richer and more alien realm. Whether the two kingdoms were at peace or war, the Border clansmen held aloof, intent only on their independence. The Scottish clansmen, in fact, created on the Borderland of England and Scotland an 'extraordinary *imperium in imperio* which so often set the authority of the crown at defiance.' Such an *imperium in imperio* has existed for untold centuries between India and its North-West neighbour, and still exists in spite of treaties with Afghanistan and the demarcation of the Durand line which has definitely set the tribesmen within the pale of the Indian Empire, just as it continued on the Scottish Border until well after the union of the two kingdoms under one crown.

In both cases there are the clans of hereditary raiders, owing allegiance to no man, secure in their hilly fastness from anything save an invasion in force, and determined, when the wave of invasion had spent itself, to retain their independence and adhere to their own mode of life. The Chiefs (or Maliks) of the clans, though in many ways as savage as their followers, were respected for their descent and hereditary position, and were aware of, and prided themselves on, their lengthy pedigrees. The conditions of life were rough and evil; they naturally produced many fiery and untamable spirits and a code of morality which regarded many of the crimes of civilisation as trivial faults if not as virtues; thieving was their occupation; 'cattle-stealing ceased to be considered a crime or even discreditable in the eyes of the inhabitants. . . . If a father or son were hanged for the offence of cattle-lifting, it brought no more stain upon the family than if he had accidentally perished in a snow-storm. It was merely looked upon as an unlucky casualty in the battle of life, and was not infrequently associated with some circumstance of exceptional daring which greatly augmented the prestige of the surviving kindred.' On the other hand the code, such as it was, existed and had its force; the clansmen, as a rule and in spite of glaring exceptions, had their loyalty to each other and were true to those to whom they had given hospitality; of the Border Scots it is written that

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'they would never betray any man who had trusted in them for all the gold in France or Scotland.' Similar instances have not been wanting on the Indian Border: and let those who would cast a stone at the Mahsuds for treachery and deny them all possibility of improvement read of the betrayal of the Earl of Northumberland by Hector Armstrong, known to history as Hector the traitor of Harelaw, who was not only bound to protect his guest but owed his life to him, when he had fled pursued by 'hot-trod, hue and cry' into the marches.

The methods of the Scots raiders were much the same as those of the Pathans; they sallied forth, armed but lightly clad, carrying with them a broad plate of metal and a little bag of oatmeal.

'Those leaders were held in the highest estimation whose accurate knowledge of locality enabled them to guide their horsemen safely through the bewildering wastes and moss-hags which abounded along the Border, on those dark and misty nights which were usually deemed the fittest for the intended foray. They usually sallied forth at the dead of night in companies of forty or fifty, stealing quietly away almost without a sound, or a word above a whisper, wending their way by lonely paths known only to themselves, and concealing themselves by day in some sheltered hollow or ravine . . . when night closed in, they again resumed their stealthy pace, rarely making their attack in open day. If their enemy chanced to be on the watch or had timely warning of the reivers' approach, a fierce combat ensued. . . . If, on the other hand, the enemy had the misfortune to be caught napping, probably all his cattle would be driven forth and the darkness of night turned into day by the blaze of his burning homestead before he had well recovered from his surprise.'

In more regular warfare, too, the Scottish method was like that of the Mahsud, in particular among Pathans; a swift and sudden attack by wild swordsmen at dawn, shouting their slogans and waving their curved blades, is the Mahsud traditional plan, as Palosin Kach and the Wana plain can testify. And the victory would be celebrated by tribal dances to the tune of the sarnai, which is almost a replica of the chanter of the Scottish bagpipes, or by the recitation to the same music of one of the wild tribal ballads.

The double Border line, definite in India if less so on the English and Scottish Marches, the intricate country, the clan system, the decided, if unusual, code of morality, loyalty to each

other and to guests, thus give a general line of comparison, but it can be carried further. The tower of the Malik on the Indian border is built on the same principle as the Scottish peel, as a place of refuge against anything but an attack in force, and a starting-point for plundering expeditions; the solid base and the strong elevated doorway are common to each; so are the machicoulis galleries, and each commands the yards wherein the cattle are penned at nights. Should the cattle be stolen the law of 'hot-trod' was the rule on the Scottish and English Marches, and similarly 'track law' prevails on the Indian Border, and a section or a village will prove innocence of a raid by carrying on the track of the raided cattle into their neighbours' territory, to whom the responsibility is then transferred. In spite of their feuds with each other and their neighbours, truces were proclaimed on the Scottish and English Marches for assemblies or for markets, as they are in the Indian borderland for tribal assemblies, and these are usually respected. The system of payment to a Chief on the Scottish and English Marches for protection, too, may be compared to the right of the Malik among Pathan tribes; blackmail was also levied in the same way for right of free passage through the country, just as the Afridis and Mahsuds used to take toll of travellers through the Khyber and Gomal passes, for which old custom their allowances are in part a substitute and a recognition. One man of a clan would suffice to indicate the protection of the Chief, just as a single 'budragga' would show the protection of a Pathan tribe. Similarity of circumstances thus produced considerable similarity in ways, customs, and mode of living.

The earliest method of dealing with the clansmen of the British Debatable Land seems to have been that of force, pure and simple. Edward I treated the borderers as vermin only fit for extinction, much as the Sikhs did on the North-West Frontier of India. Nor were the Scots much better: between 1526 and 1528 no less than six expeditions under Douglas, Earl of Angus, entered and harried Liddesdale. The explanations of these raids and the results thereof are curiously like those of the Indian borderland.

'In the absence of settled laws, disorders at times became so rampant on the Border as to compel the Government to send punitive expeditions to enforce obedience . . . but these efforts were usually so intermittent and ineffective as to produce greater disorders than those Government tried to cure. . . . The real transgressors, the freebooters and outlaws, easily escaped to the hills on the first sound of alarm, where they remained unmolested.'

In the expedition of 1525 'Sim Armstrong and twelve of his kindred were captured along with 600 cattle, 3000 sheep, and 500 goats. The prisoners were carried to Edinburgh, where they were long detained, but ultimately released on giving security for their good behaviour.' A parallel could be found with the detention of the Mahsud Maliks at Lahore in 1881. The taking of hostages (another Indian expedient) was tried in 1527, but seems to have been useless, as two more expeditions followed in 1528. 'The natural result of these indiscriminate raids was to drive the plundered inhabitants who were fortunate enough to escape with their lives into the ranks of the outlaws. Increased disorders, disease and famines followed in the wake of all the Angus invasions: for his barbarous policy was, as he frequently declared, to starve the outlaws into submission by depriving the whole community of the means of existence.'

Brute force, pure and simple, having failed, attempts were made to organise a rough form of administration suited to Border conditions. The Scottish and English Marches 'were divided into three districts—East, Middle, and West—and in each a Warden was appointed representing the Crown. These officers had the power to command the attendance of all nobles and chieftains for the administration of justice, the settlement of quarrels, and the regulation of the question of ransom. They also enforced the laws of march treason. Their decisions were without appeal, and to this court alone could the victim of oppression apply for the redress of any wrong, however great.' It would appear that a period was being reached parallel to the creation of Political Agents on the North-West Frontier with extensive powers, in name, at any rate, though often with little effective power of enforcing their orders. On the other side it is recorded that the 'unruly Barons of the . . . Marches also entered into negotiations, and as a first condition of good behaviour, procured for themselves and their tenants a remission of their past sins on pledging themselves to keep good rule within their bounds and to deliver up to the King's authority all persons accused of murder, theft and treason, on fifteen days' warning. Each baron who was answerable for any criminal within his bounds undertook to expel him, along with his wife and children, and in the event of his returning and being suffered to remain for twelve hours, the baron became answerable for any crime the culprit might thereafter commit.' Read 'Malik' for Baron, and the agreement is not far from those with many Pathan tribes.

The procedure as between the Warden of the Marches (or Political Agent) and the criminals produced by the Barons (or Maliks) and the general conduct of these assemblies (or Jirgas) affords other interesting parallels. At such assemblies a truce to all feuds existed, and the behaviour of the criminals was exactly like that of Mahsuds and Wazirs and productive of much material for quiet humour.

'The trials before the Wardens had their comic as well as their tragic side, which at times must have tickled the public sense of humour. The earnest attitude of respectability assumed by the most notorious thieves and their loudly expressed abhorrence of cattle-lifting must have been delightfully interesting to their confederates. The raider's story of his wrongs was always so sad and so plausible as to lead one to believe that he was a deeply injured innocent. But, alas! when the actual facts came under review, of his slaughterings, burnings and thievings, it was enough to make one's hair stand on end. According to his own story, the Scotch raider was a quiet, well-disposed, industrious person, wanting nothing so much as to be left alone in pursuit of his honest occupations, but whose life was made a burden to him by the incessant attacks of godless thieves from Cumberland. On the other hand the English raider not only professed to be actuated by the principles of the highest honour but, affecting an altogether superior civilization, he looked down upon the Scots as unworthy of a place in the ranks of humanity, mere cut-throats and vermin to be ruthlessly exterminated.'

Write Mahsuds for Scots and Wazirs for English and every Political Officer in Waziristan could quote a hundred parallels of similarly conducted cases. In details, too, there are resemblances: the decision in all cases was that of the Warden of the Marches: in practice most cases were referred to a jury (or Jirga), supposedly impartial and composed only of 'good and lawful men deserving of credit.' The Warden, like the Political Agent, was not bound to accept the finding of the jury or 'Jirga,' but could acquit the accused summarily: or he could order a new bill against the accused with a fresh jury. In addition there was a third way of dealing with bills mentioned by Sir Robert Bowes, who says 'the assize of Scotland notwithstanding their oath decline to find a true bill against a Scotchman upon an Englishman's complaint, unless it could be supported by the evidence of one of their own countrymen, openly given in court or secretly whispered to the Warden. Although the matter was ever so notoriously known by the English witnesses, their evidence would not serve to secure a conviction.'



The attitude of the Mahsuds is the same as that of the Scots, and the procedure of the Political Agent in Southern Waziristan in cases against Mahsuds exactly that of the Warden of the Marches. No Mahsud will accept a decision based on the evidence of Wazirs or plainamen, though taken on twenty Korans: hence either Mahsud evidence must be produced or in default of it the Political Agent must solemnly assert that he had taken the sworn evidence of Mahsuds: similarly the Warden of the Marches had to produce Scots as witnesses against Scots or to pledge his word that he had Scots testimony in his possession. False claims and extravagant estimates of the value of cattle were common in both courts, and in both it was found necessary 'to draw up a scale of prices, fixing the maximum amount which could be recovered for all kinds of live-stock.' Other parallels could be made, but perhaps the comparison should not be pressed too far. At any rate, the rough system of justice administered by the Warden or the Political Agent appears in each country to have been carried on with some benefit to the less warlike and unruly inhabitants, and to have been the commencement of the process whereby the Borderland in each case began to lose 'the character of a small Buffer State between the two kingdoms, claimed by both but, pending the settlement of that ancient and endless dispute, allowed to be beyond the jurisdiction of either.' But the system, in neither case, proved effective: invasions of the Borderland were necessary from time to time, and Henry VIII's punitive expeditions in 1543 and 1544 can be paralleled by those on the Indian borderland after the institution of Frontier and Transfrontier Agencies.

After the accession of James VI of Scotland to the throne of England, various attempts were made to pacify the Borderland. Commissions were appointed and did what seemed right in their own eyes, though few of those affected were pleased. Various expedients were devised, such as employing the turbulent young men of the Graham clan as soldiers in the cautionary towns in Holland, which, in spite of the brutality of execution, may be paralleled in idea with the enlistment of Mahsuds and Wazirs in the Indian army: or, again, like the settlement of Grahams in Roscommon, a parallel in idea and in total failure to the settlement of Mahsuds at Paharpur in the Dera Ismail Khan district. None of these expedients met with success, though on the whole the state of the Border seems to have been better than in the times of brutal and savage military expeditions which spared neither man, woman, or child, swept off flocks and herds, destroyed crops

and ruined houses. Feuds continued to flourish and raids were executed in the course of feuds or for greed of gain or to secure the wherewithal of life. The commissions failed to establish peace, and the task fell to 'the one man within the kingdom who thoroughly understood the Border game and who had personal knowledge of nearly all the fraternity by whom the game was played. This was the great Prince of raiders of bygone days—the bold Buccleuch—the direct descendant of that famous Scott of Buccleuch by whom the clans were originally organised into formidable bands.'

Buccleuch had already utilised his knowledge of the fighting value of the clansmen by raising 200 of them for service in the Low Countries, where they showed their mettle so well that few returned to tell the tale. King James and his council now entrusted him with the work of pacification, and Buccleuch threw himself into the work with all his energy. Proclaiming peace and security to all who were prepared to settle down to an honest livelihood, he entered on a final expedition and rapidly quelled all opposition. 'Every leading outlaw was hunted down and slain without mercy, while an order was issued for the demolition of all peels and strongholds, and thus the first distinct step was taken to cure the Border evil.' Buccleuch seems to have been quite merciless in carrying out the preliminary work, both in demolition of peels and strongholds and in hanging at once the greater part of his captives, without any of the ordinary forms of justice, as the prisons would not suffice to hold them. In fact, it was found desirable formally to exonerate him 'from all pains, charges and peril which might be imputed to him.' This was the commencement of the work, but 'although the forces of disorder were broken and all the clans dissolved and scattered by the drastic measures of Buccleuch, it required more than a hundred years before the old grudges and jealousies between the two countries died down sufficiently to admit of cordial and advantageous intercourse. In time, however, by the influence of the Church, the introduction of the parochial system of education, and the impartial administration of the law, the old raiding habits were given up in favour of honest industry, and the district once so famous, or so infamous, as the scene of notorious deeds of the "ill-week" may now be described as one of the most peaceful and law-abiding parts of the kingdom.'

This state of things is not so far from our own day: a friend and contemporary of mine remembered his grandfather telling

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him how his father had been out chasing the Scots on their last great raid into England, and how twelve Scots' heads were set up on the walls of Carlisle: he mentioned this in conversation with the late Lord Minto, when Viceroy of India, who promptly capped the story by saying 'and one of the heads belonged to my great-uncle.'

The parallel with the Indian Borderland is not, of course, exact and must not be pressed too far: still, if there is any validity in it, it might be argued that in the first place the sternest measures were necessary to break up armed resistance and hunt down outlaws, that all towers and strongholds should be demolished, that from the first opportunity should be given to those who desire to live in peace with their neighbours, and every encouragement offered to trade and agriculture. Even when this is done, when roads are made and a system of impartial, if rough, justice instituted, it is not unlikely that the period of settlement will exceed the century required on the English and Scottish Marches. Nor need this cause surprise or despondency, considering the infinitely greater extent and difficulty of the country, the need for the creation of roads for military and commercial communications, the time-honoured feuds between hillman and plainsman, between tribe and tribe, and family and family, and further the difference not only in race between hillman and plainsman, but in both race and religion between the tribesmen and the conquering British. Further, and not the least important, the hinterland of the Indian Borderland is not under the same Crown, but consists of the kingdom of Afghanistan, swayed from time to time by waves of Mussulman fervour and fanaticism and apt to communicate these feelings to the Border tribes. If the parallel be not altogether exact, it is at any rate not without interest as showing similarities of morality and of administrative expedients in widely separated centuries and countries: and if there be any force in its application to practical politics, perhaps the lesson is that the final settlement was due to the opportunities afforded, after the military steam-roller had passed over the country, by a strict and impartial administration to those willing to introduce and cultivate the arts of peace and civilisation. The methods of barbarism *per se* produced nothing but barbarity, and half measures no radical cure. Lord Chelmsford's experiment, at any rate, gives some chance to the methods of civilisation.

L. M. CRUMP.

## THE LANGUAGE OF BEES.

AFTER DR. HANS BREMER.

IN the early days of Darwin's theory, before we had accustomed ourselves to this new idea that man and ape descend from the same ancestor, we saw in every monkey a primitive man. Thus a great sensation was caused by a book published at that time about the language of apes. From a highly developed animal we may indeed expect many signs of intelligence, excepting always those dependent on purely human qualities.

Again, when such an able and expert investigator of animal life as Professor von Frisch, of Munich, communicates his observations on the language of bees, no comparisons should be made with human language in the human sense. It is evident that bees *must have some mode of communication amongst themselves*, if the complicated operations of their busy life are to be kept going without a hitch; but hitherto it had been thought that such communication coincided with purely human conceptions of intercourse. When bees were heard rushing to the attack, emitting a clear high-pitched note, or humming in a cosy, pleasant sort of way when returning home from their work, it was thought that *the difference in tone must also be heard by other bees*, who modified their own conduct accordingly. But it had not even been proved that bees can hear.

It was Professor von Frisch's task to find, by means of experiment, an explanation of the communication amongst bees, in such a way as to satisfy the severest tests of scientific experts.

We had best follow him, step by step, through the various stages of his experiments.

He first places a small bowl, containing sugared water, on a table near the open window. A bee finds this, drinks her fill, disappears, and in a very short time the whole bowl is closely lined with bees. He removes the bowl and soon the bees are gone, only now and again one comes back to have a general look round. But as soon as the bowl has been replaced, filled with the coveted drink, they all gather round anew. The insects must have kept each other informed as to the state of their food-supply. The

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problem to be solved is whether the first bee has conducted the next, or whether they have sent each other from the hive.

Another experiment decides this question. Each bee which appears at the bowl is marked with a spot of colour on her back. By varying the colour and position of this spot in each case, von Frisch evolves a system of differentiation, and he succeeds in thus numbering all his little guests. When, after a pause, he refills the bowl, it is proved by the succession in which the various numbers arrive that they are not brought by previous discoverers of the food, but that they must have been sent. It has now to be proved how the actual sending comes to pass.

A special hive is constructed, in which the combs do not hang one behind the other but are placed side by side, so that it is possible to observe them all together. The hive is set up near the feeding-place, so that both this and the entrance-hole can be watched at the same time. He numbers another batch of bees who come to sip the sugared water; then the bowl is removed, and after some little while again replaced. The important point now is to keep in sight the first bee which reappears to discover the liquid, and to observe her conduct in the hive. She arrives, returns to the hive, and delivers the sugared water to other bees, whose duty it evidently is to distribute the precious food among the storage-cells. Then she commences a peculiar sort of dance, continually describing circles and 8's, which have about the diameter of a cell. The other bees become attentive; they turn their heads towards the dancer, try to touch her with their feelers, and also follow her for a few steps in her dance. And now a very strange thing happens: the moment a numbered bee touches the dancer, she rushes to the entrance and flies at once to the feeding-place. Unnumbered bees, on the other hand, seem to lose their interest in the dancer and remain quietly on the combs; some may perhaps go to the entrance, but it is difficult to take special note of these amongst the swarm in the hive. Von Frisch is not able to observe them as closely as his numbered bees, and this part of the experiment must, therefore, remain for the present incomplete. It is, however, quite evident that there exists here some sort of communication which does not, as in the case of mankind, address itself to either hearing or sight, but which uses as its channel the sense of feeling. This latter fact is easily understood when we consider the obscurity and crowding in the cramped space of the hive. But how is it that, in the main, only the numbered bees respond to the signal?

Do these constitute a group of acquaintances who, working in association, are specially affected by each other's call?

The investigator changes his procedure. He sets up two bowls of sugared water at two different places, and marks the visitors to one with white, the others with yellow spots. After a pause, the 'white' bowl is refilled and again discovered by a 'white' bee. She dances in the hive, and behold, not only the 'white' but also the 'yellow' bees swarm out, though the quest of the latter is in vain, as they do not visit the refilled bowl but return to their own empty feeding-place. It would seem, therefore, that the dance gives the signal that food has been found, and that upon receiving this information all the bees which have been collecting swarm out, but only to those places where they have previously found supplies.

The mystery, however, has not yet been fully solved. When von Frisch imitates the conditions of nature, and by providing the respective blossoms forms a group of bees collecting lime-tree honey, and another concerned only with acacia honey, he is able, by means of experiment, to establish the fact that a dancing lime-tree bee will bring her own particular comrades into action, but that she leaves any members of the acacia group quite indifferent. How is it that the two groups can distinguish between themselves in this case, whereas the collectors of sugared water do not show any such discrimination?

Again, by proper selection of the conditions, the experiment furnishes the answer. Sugared water is once more provided, and the collectors divided into two groups; but on this occasion each bowl is artificially perfumed with a different scent. Now only the particular group concerned answers the call. Though the signal means generally 'Attention! there is food to be got,' only the scent adhering to the dancing bee gives further information as to the kind of food which is to be collected.

This grouping of workers by means of scent serves to refute an objection which might here be raised. It might be thought that, judging by the results of the experiments up to this point, each bee, on returning from collecting the nectar, would by her dance have invited all the other workers to the field of operations; this would have led to a waste of working energy, improbable in the case of an otherwise so admirably organised community.

The expert is in a position to answer any such objection by means of yet another experiment, leading to one more discovery.

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Instead of refilling the bowl after a pause, he substitutes for it at the feeding-place a sheet of blotting-paper, soaked with the sugared water. Now the bees are forced to work very hard before they can suck any food out of the paper, and in the end they must return to the hive without having been able to drink their fill. This time there is no dance, and thus no information is proffered to the other collectors. That is to say, the discoverer only proclaims the good news when she has made a specially rich find, which can be utilised without much trouble, and so the dance only appears as an exceptional measure, justifying its exciting effect.

There is still another point. All the experiments so far described have been carried on with numbered bees—i.e. they were concerned with the conduct of bees in connexion with one special feeding-place already known to them. How did the insects arrive for the first time at their feeding-place? We know that, through his close observation, von Frisch was able to prove that newcomers were sent from the hive; he also found that a large number of these only appeared at the feeding-place if, induced by the plentiful food, a dance had been performed in the hive. This dance, then, does not only serve as information for a special group of collectors already familiar with the particular food, but its purpose is also to recruit fresh workers. It must now be shown how these new bees find the booty which has been announced to them. Here and there, in the neighbourhood as well as at the original feeding-place, the investigator provides bowls filled with sugared water. And behold! as soon as the regular customers of the first bowl have performed their dance in the hive, the guests arrive also at the other bowls. Evidently these are newcomers, as the new sources of supply have only just been opened to them. It seems that, after being incited through the general signal, they have made it their task to search the whole vicinity for the promised food, and they perform their work with such energy that they succeed in finding bowls placed at a distance of as much as a kilometre from the hive. It will now have to be shown whether the new recruits set about their task just anyhow, searching at random till they find the desired food, or whether they receive definite hints to help them in their quest. Von Frisch attracts a group of 'recruiting bees' to one special bowl filled with particularly scented sugared water, and he distributes other bowls round about, some provided with the same odour and others left scentless.

Practically, only the first are visited. Guided by the scent adhering to the dancing bee, the new recruits start on their travels and follow up the trail, flying to those places where they are received by the same scent. Von Frisch was able to prove that even when the bowls are not scented, or have all exactly the same odour, newcomers would visit bowls which offered a large supply of food more freely than others containing only a small quantity. He presumes that the first visitor, when finding a really rich source of food, marks it by means of her scent-organ—a skinny pouch which the bee carries between her hind-legs, and which enables her to distribute an odoriferous substance peculiar to her kind—thus attracting fresh bees to the same place.

It now remains to be seen how far the results of all these experiments apply to the ordinary normal life of the bee. Let us assume that the lime-trees are beginning to flower. A bee happens to discover this and is able without any trouble to collect her fill of honey. She returns to the hive and spreads the glad news of this great event by means of her recruiting dance. Other bees fly out, keeping the scent of the limes in their mind, and soon find the source of supply. On their return they recruit new bees in their turn and then fly back to the limes, so that the crowd of collectors increases steadily. Then there comes a point when the source ceases to yield with such abundance, as the number of collectors is too great, and it is no longer possible to gather large quantities of honey without trouble. The recruiting therefore stops, as has been seen to be the case in experiments when insufficient food was supplied. There are no more newcomers, and thus the just proportion between the quantity of food available and the number of collectors is re-established. So many workers, and no more, are enlisted into the service as are found necessary for the most efficient and economical production of honey.

As has been seen, the language of bees can hardly be called 'human.' It addresses itself not only to another sense than our own speech, but it is also employed in a totally different spirit—solely in the service and for the good of the whole community.

CLARA BOYLE.

## A FISH STORY

BY H. T. SHERINGHAM

## I.

'You know Caseholme Mill, of course,' said Pritchard, making a statement rather than an interrogation of the words. I nodded. After a trout season in which the mill had been my starting-point on a good many days, I knew it pretty well, with its air of neglected antiquity, its isolation from the haunts of men, and all the rest of it. I knew, too, the curiously disappointing nature of the water all round it. I had had one good trout from the pound above at the tail-end of the Mayfly season, but otherwise had done practically nothing for a quarter of a mile on either side of it, up or down. I had come to the conclusion that it must have been intensively poached.

'Well,' Pritchard added, 'there's something big in the mill-pool.'

'In the *mill*-pool?' I said, with a good deal of surprise.

'Yes,' he went on, 'you'd hardly think it, but there is. I saw it this evening, or rather the swirl of it. I'd got my bicycle leaning against the parapet, and was packing up before coming away, when there was a tremendous commotion in the water just under the wall. I looked over, of course, at once, but couldn't see anything. It was pretty well dark, being close on eight, with thin rain coming on too, so I wasn't surprised at that. But I was surprised at the pool holding anything big enough to make all that disturbance. It was like a heavy salmon in difficulties.'

I shared his astonishment in silence. The mill-pool is nowadays only a 'pool' by courtesy and custom. The mill-wheel cannot have been working for years; practically no water comes over the shute even in flood-time, and what was no doubt once a real pool, with a strong stream through it and two fine eddies, is now nothing but a stagnant pond, nowhere, so far as one can see, more than a foot deep, and gradually silting up into dryness. The stream which used to run out of it and join the river lower down is absolutely choked with rushes and weeds. I had, I confess, never studied the mill-pool very closely, for the most casual glance

sufficed to diagnose it as valueless for fishing. Indeed, I should have said it held nothing at all except, perhaps, sticklebacks, and possibly frogs and newts. No doubt it contained fish in earlier days, for the river is big enough to make a fine deep pool below the overflow weir a few hundred yards away, and it could supply two such pools without stint of water if the mill was working regularly.

'Could it have been an otter?' I suggested, after meditating on the problem.

'That *did* occur to me,' said Pritchard, 'but it's not very probable. The otter is one of the most silent creatures in nature, slipping into the water like a snake into the heather. Unless it gets hold of a really big fish, I don't believe it ever makes any splashing. Besides, I think I should have seen it—it wasn't too dark to make out anything *above* the surface. Whatever made that fuss was underneath, I'm sure.'

We then discussed other possibilities, water-birds, and so on, but could arrive at no solution of the problem except the one originally proposed, that the swirl was caused by a fish. 'I should have said it was a pike,' Pritchard meditated aloud, 'and an uncommonly big one at that. I've caught them up to nineteen pounds, but this must be out of that class altogether. Yet think of a fish like that in such a place! It's almost incredible, isn't it?'

I agreed. It was incredible. But it was a very interesting problem. 'I tell you what,' I said, 'let's go down to-morrow and investigate by daylight. I *was* going up to begin at Firs Corner, but one could start from the mill just as well. When we've had a look round, one of us can go up and the other down. I don't mind which I do. Anyhow, there's precious little doing except with chub so late as this, and there are plenty of them either way, worse luck.'

We decided on this programme for the morrow, and after consuming a last pipe over the problem of how to reduce chub which have got the upper hand in an alleged trout water, and coming to the conclusion that it was pretty hopeless, we took our respective candles and retired to bed. At the 'Golden Lion,' our headquarters for fishing week-ends, we keep early hours. Blessed sleepiness is one of the satisfactory results of fishing a river where the 'going' is very rough and the trout are few and far between. Our little club has, I suppose, nine or ten miles of water, with occasional gaps due to recalcitrant owners, so there is scope for laborious days.

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Towards the end of September, however, there is no point in making those days begin too early. Nights are chilly, and the morning does not warm up very promptly. It was about half-past ten when we cycled in company round the sharp corner which brings the road to the mill. The road runs by it (taking you on to Caseworthy, five miles off, if you choose to follow it), and passes over the culverts through which the river came when the mill used to work. Now, as I have said, the water is all diverted through the overflow weir and what used to be the side-stream. The mill-house is beside the mill, but it stands back somewhat, being separated from the road by a strip of garden. It has been empty for some time, at any rate since I myself joined the club three years ago, and I have never seen a soul about the place except an occasional fellow-member.

Having disposed our bicycles in a tumbledown outhouse, and unlimbered our traps, Pritchard and I proceeded to make our promised investigation of the mill-pool. Seen under the light of day, albeit of a somewhat grey and gloomy day, the place was exactly what we had supposed. There was literally no cover for a fish of a pound, far less for anything which would number many pounds. We looked at it from the parapet, from the shallow on the left where, perhaps, carts used to be washed and where children may once have paddled, we looked at it from the right, from the waste ground which was once a paddock and orchard, and we could see no sign of either a big fish or of a place where a big fish could possibly be. The only conceivable hiding-place for any fish was right under the culvert, close to the mouldering old mill-wheel. Pritchard tried to explore this with a long stick, but his knee-boots just wouldn't let him get in far enough, so he had to relinquish the effort. Anyhow, it was obvious that there were only a few inches of water under the arch, and we did not expect much from research work there.

Finally, 'I give it up,' said Pritchard, 'the thing is beyond me. It is physically impossible for a big fish to be *there*. I must have been dreaming. And yet—I know I wasn't dreaming. I wonder if pike travel overland ever. Eels do, they say. Otherwise lots of rivers, like the Thames, which don't get a run of elvers, couldn't have a stock of eels. I suppose,' he added doubtfully, 'a big pike might possibly work its way up there'—he pointed to the overgrown, weed-encumbered ditch which represented the mill-stream of an earlier time.

I reminded him that the river at the other end of the ditch was a long, swift shallow, the last place where one would expect to find a pike of exceptional size. There was not a deep pool for a long way, either up or down, and a deep pool is essential for a really heavy pike's habitation, though such a fish may sometimes come to the shallows for occasional feeding raids. Pritchard sighed, as one who loses his last hope, and turned his back on the pool. 'I'll write it off as a dream,' he said.

His eyes wandered to the old mill-house. 'Do you know,' he continued in an altered tone, 'it has occurred to me once or twice that that might possibly serve us as a club-house, if we could get it cheap. It would be very convenient, wouldn't it? Have you ever been inside?'

I had not, and said so. 'It looks as if it would want a lot of restoration,' I said.

'I don't know,' he replied. 'These old grey stone buildings about here are very solid, both inside and out. Of course it has obviously been empty a long time. I wonder if we could get in and have a look at it. Let's try.'

He crossed the road, pushed open the iron gate with some difficulty—the upper hinge was broken—and stepped on to the flagged pathway, and walked towards the front door. This was one of those early eighteenth- or late seventeenth-century portals with a leaden sill above it and lattice-work at either side. It had once been painted a cheerful green, but was now blistered and chipped and faded to a mere memory of colour. Its appearance was in keeping with the thistle- and dock-encumbered garden, which testified to years of neglect.

The door was locked, of course, so it gave us no help. 'Let's try round,' said Pritchard, 'there's a back door too.' There was, but it also was locked. Beside it, however, was a window, nearly covered with cobwebs, but fairly clear about the middle. 'I believe that catch is gone,' he said, peering through, and he tested the window gently by the framework. It moved slightly, though with obvious reluctance. He worked at it again, and continued till he had it a little raised. 'Find a bit of iron or something,' he instructed, and I hunted about among the rubbish which had accumulated round the back of the house. An ancient bit of a spade rewarded me, and this formed the desired lever. In a short time the window moved up appreciably, there was a jar inside, probably from the broken catch, and then the job was done. We



were able to get over the sill into what was evidently a back kitchen or scullery added in fairly recent times to the older portion of the house.

'I've never burgled before,' I observed as I followed him. 'Quite a new sensation.'

He laughed, and looked round at the musty range, sink, and other features of the room. 'Fairly modern, all this,' he commented, 'but whether it's in working order I couldn't tell you. My wife would know. I might bring her down one day if we really go into the question. Hallo, this looks more ancient.' He had pushed open the connecting door and stepped into what was probably the original kitchen and parlour combined, a long, low room with two small lattice-windows facing towards the road, and one towards the mill.

The heavy oak beams of the ceiling, and panelling about four feet in height round the walls, helped to make the place extremely dark, the opaque windows and a big open fireplace contributing further to that result. But the room was attractive in its way, and one could imagine it very charming in summer with a few nice bits of furniture scattered about, chintz curtains, and some good prints on distempered walls.

We passed through into another sitting-room of similar character beyond the small hall, and ascended a winding staircase to the upper story, where we found four small bedrooms, all showing the same traces of hungry Time—old-fashioned papers peeling from the walls, rusty window-catches, broken panes, cobwebs, and dust.

'I don't believe the place has had anybody in it for many years,' I said as we came down again.

'No,' he agreed, 'but it might be made habitable again. The members' wives would like it if it was, and that would be a consideration. I think it might be worth while suggesting the idea to Johnston. But we must find out who the owner is. Meanwhile we've got a day's fishing before us.'

We were then on the threshold of the first of the old rooms we had entered, and when we came in I caught sight of something which I had not seen before, some markings on the wall to the left of the fireplace. The angle of the light, such as it was, brought them, I suppose, into a prominence which they had not had when we were coming the other way. I went close up to look at them. 'Here's a drawing of some kind on the wall,' I said.

He came over to look too, but it was so dark that we could not make out any details. He struck a match and held it up. 'A fish, by Jove,' we both exclaimed, laughing. The match burned his fingers, and he dropped it with the comment usual in that emergency. Another was soon alight.

'I believe it's meant for a pike,' I said. 'Look at the teeth, and the size of it; it's three feet long. But I've seen better likenesses. An inscription of childhood, I suppose. But what's that odd mark?'

The second match failed, and a third was required. This disclosed the nature of the mark, the impression, as it were, of a little hand on the flank of the fish drawing. It seemed to be done in red pigment. 'The artist's signature,' said Pritchard with a smile, 'but a very young artist. That hand is about the size of my small son's, and he's only just four. There's something else too, letters of some kind—on the right there—look!'

A fourth match gave its brief assistance, and we could make out some of the words. At the top was a date, done in red pigment like the little hand, 'September 20.' Underneath came 'In the year of' and then a confusion of which the dying match enabled us to make nothing.

Pritchard struck another, and concentrated the light on the puzzle, revealing this:

OUR LORD 1864  
THE DEVIL

The words 'Our Lord' and the year had been written like the rest in charcoal or some black stuff, and the erasing marks were in red, as were the substituted words 'The Devil,' with the underlining.

Two more matches sufficed to reveal a few more words, which were evidently the end of a sentence which time or accident had mostly rubbed out—'thy seed for ever.'

'Great Scott!' ejaculated Pritchard, when we had made all this out. 'I think we'll return to daylight. That sort of thing is too much for my poor brain in here.'

We accordingly returned by the way we had come, pulled the window down, and went to the place where we had left our tackle, neither of us saying a word.

Pritchard slowly picked up his rod-case. 'I don't feel much like fishing to-day,' he said, 'but—what on earth do you make of it?'

'I don't make anything of it,' I replied. 'But I think we'd better institute a few inquiries before we turn that place into a club-house.'

He nodded assent thoughtfully, and we put our rods together, and ran the lines through the rings in silence. When ready, we went on to the second bridge which spans the river proper, and parted, he going down, I up. 'By the way,' he called out when he was through the gate, 'isn't *to-day* the twentieth of September?'

'No,' I returned after a moment's thought, 'it's the twenty-first. Yesterday was the twentieth.'

September, of course, is not one of the real trout-fishing months, so perhaps it is hardly worth recording that neither of us had anything to show for our pains when we met again in the evening. And poverty of sport is sufficient excuse for an early return. We were well on the homeward road soon after six.

There was not much conversation between us that night. I tried to provoke talk, but Pritchard was silent and detached. I remember one of his remarks, however. I had said 'I think we've got too many pike in the water as well as chub.'

His reply, made very slowly, was: 'I'm afraid there's *one* too many, anyhow.'

I stared at him, wondering what on earth he meant. But, looking back, I know that subconsciously I had an inkling of what was in his mind, though I would not have admitted it for the world.

## II.

On the following morning I had to go off early to catch my train, but I made an opportunity for a word with old Ben Harris, the landlord of the 'Golden Lion.' I should have tackled him the night before, but he was out at some junketing or other. After a little general talk about the fishing, and prospects for next season, I put a casual question about the mill-house at Caseholme.

'It looks as though nobody had lived there for a long time,' I said. 'When was it last occupied?'

'Never in *my* time,' said Ben, 'and I've been here now close on twenty years. A few folks have been to look at it on and off, but nobody ever took it. It's a lonely place, and a longish way from the station. I suppose that put 'em off it.'

'And hasn't the mill been working at all?' I asked.

Ben thought not, but he clearly did not know much about it. The agent to the Caseholme estate would be able to tell me more, he suggested, if I wanted information. So I left it there, dropping a hint that I had in mind the possibility of getting a run of water through the mill shute with a view of improving the fishing.

Pritchard, who was going to stay a day longer than I, was not down when I started for the station, but his face appeared at an upper window, the chin ornamented with lather, and he called out that he hoped to see me in Town in a day or two. 'I'm not going to fish to-day,' he said with some emphasis, 'I'm going to explore.' I nodded and waved my hand, and the trap started.

It was on the following Friday that Pritchard rang me up on the telephone and said he would come round to my rooms in the evening if I was free. I told him to come along, and asked him if his exploring had revealed anything. He said 'Not much,' and rang off.

He turned up about nine o'clock and settled himself in an arm-chair with a cup of coffee and a cigarette, looking thoughtfully at the rings of smoke which slowly floated towards the ceiling.

'Well,' I said, for he seemed reluctant to begin, 'what about the prospective club-house? I suppose that was what you were looking into on Tuesday?'

He admitted that this was so. 'But really I haven't been able to find out anything—anything that *explains*. I began by trying to pump old Harris—found you'd been before me there, by the way—and got nothing out of him. He's a stranger, as they reckon people in those parts, and he hasn't got either the historical sense or the bump of curiosity in regard to past events, which serves the same purpose. Then, on his suggestion, I cycled over to Caseholme Lodge, where Lord Caseholme's agent is, a youngish man named Purvis. I found him in, and he was very civil. He knows Johnston, of course, as we rent part of the water from the estate, and Johnston fixed up the business with him.

'What he *doesn't* know, I fancy, is the mill-house. I doubt if he has ever been inside it. He frankly admitted that the estate had practically given up all hope of letting it or the mill. Too far off any centre, he said, and too much in need of repair. The estate simply could not afford to lay out money on it as a speculation, and they had never been able to find any tenant who would take the property with all faults, as the saying is. So that explains the deserted mill.'

'But does it?' I objected. 'You see people clamouring for houses in every newspaper every day. A bit of disrepair would not deter the homeless moneyed classes.'

'I know,' said Pritchard, 'and I said as much to Purvis. Of course, I had just dropped a hint of the club-house idea to get him interested, but I was discreetly doubtful as to the club spending *anything on restoration*. He was as doubtful as to the estate's doing so, and that enabled the talk to broaden out. I asked him how long the place had been empty, and who was last in it. I got a bit of a surprise then, for he said frankly that he did not know for certain, and could not find out without referring to old estate books. He thought it had been empty for at least thirty years, anyhow since long before his time, and he had an idea that the last tenant was a widow, but he was not sure. I got the impression that the estate regards the place as an unrealisable asset, and that unless I meant solid business it was not worth while going into the matter. As I could not really play the business card, I thanked him, said something vague about possibly reopening the question, and came away.'

'And then?' I insinuated, for he had fallen upon silence again.

'Well,' he began slowly, 'I did get just a hint of something afterwards. I dropped into the local pub, the "Oak Tree," for a bit of lunch, and found the oldest inhabitant sitting in the bar parlour, an old chap named Coggs or something like that. The landlord called him "Grandfer," and said in my ear that he was the doyen of the neighbourhood, well over ninety, but a bit wandering in his wits. "A power of things he can remember when he chooses," he said admiringly, "but he won't often choose. Like an oyster most times, ain't you, Grandfer?" Grandfer admitted this without prejudice, but he opened somewhat at the sight of a fresh mug of beer and an ounce of tobacco, which I caused to be placed at his elbow. Then I mentioned Caseholme Mill to the landlord in a loud voice, expressing surprise that it was no longer used.'

'Is the oyster complaint catching?' I asked, for Pritchard had again paused in his narrative.

He laughed a little. 'No,' he said, 'I hope not. I was thinking—it's a queer business. Grandfer rose to the fly like a trout rather than an oyster, and spoke, so far as I can remember, these words: "That? *That* won't be used no more, I reckon. Never no more. Not since the day when Nell Morgan came upon her trouble. Ah, a likely lass she was, and a good man she had till

he was taken. Only a year or two younger than me, and such a trouble as she had. The like of it was never known in these parts.”

‘Well?’ I asked with keen interest.

‘That’s all,’ he answered. ‘The old man would not say another word, and it was no good trying to make him. The landlord was just as disappointed as I was, for he said he had always heard a tradition of some queer events at the mill, but never anything definite. Grandfer had not, to his knowledge, touched on it before, and he might never do so again. If such a thing as further utterance on the topic should happen, he promised to let me know. And that’s the result of my inquiries,’ he concluded.

‘Aren’t there other old people who would know something?’ I suggested.

‘I asked the landlord that, but he didn’t seem to think so. It is surprising how soon tradition takes the place of knowledge in agricultural districts. I know one place where there was once one of the biggest abbeys in England, and not a soul knows now exactly where it stood. But if I get a chance, of course I shall try to follow up the clue, though,’ he added seriously, ‘I am decidedly nervous as to whither it might lead. As it is, I’ve dreamt a horrid dream or two.’

He smiled a rather doleful smile, and departed shaking his head.

### III.

I heard nothing more of Pritchard or his contemplated researches for some time, and the mystery connected with Caseholme Mill got put away in a mental pigeon-hole, practically forgotten in the press of work. Then, by a freak of chance, it came out again.

One evening, early in December, I looked in on the Warburtons hoping for some music. He plays the ‘cello, his wife is a really good accompanist, and when the mood suits they will go on and on, ringing the changes from Bach to Tschaiowsky, while a fortunate visitor can lounge in a comfortable chair listening and smoking. That is how I like music—in bulk. The ordinary evening of polite talk, varied by ‘a little music,’ does not satisfy my cravings, nor does the customary concert programme, with its carefully arranged variety as a concession to the less robust appetites. That, however, is by the way.



I found my friends at home, and with them was another guest, an elderly clergyman named Henderson—a canon of some cathedral on the east coast, I supposed from his talk, but I did not gather which. He was a distinguished-looking man with a good forehead, and I liked the look and sound of him.

When I had settled into my chair, and a few casual remarks had been exchanged, Warburton asked me how the fishing had been in the past season, and I gave him a few details, incidentally touching on the scarcity of fish anywhere near Caseholme Mill. Warburton has been down with me more than once, and he knows the water pretty well.

Canon Henderson looked up in an interested way when I mentioned the mill. 'Near Caseworthy?' he asked.

'Yes,' I said. 'Do you know it?'

'I do,' he replied, 'and, curiously enough, it was in my mind when you came in.' He went on to explain that he had begun his clerical career in Caseworthy, and knew the whole district as it was then, about 1880. 'I don't suppose it has changed very much?' he suggested.

'I shouldn't think so,' I said, 'but the mill has been empty for a long time. But why was it in your mind, if it is not a rude question?'

He pondered before replying. 'Well,' he said presently, 'we had been discussing the influence of what may be called the fixed idea, and the results you sometimes find in character—very beautiful they are too in some cases. I take it that much of the earlier mystical writing in Church literature, and later too for that matter, owes its existence to the fixed idea, or the power of concentration, or whatever one chooses to call it. But what was in my mind in regard to the mill was something different, an illustration of the same theory, but in an opposite sense. The fixed idea may make for evil as well as good.'

The Canon paused so long that Mrs. Warburton stirred him up with a question. He returned to his talk with something approaching a start. 'What I meant,' he said, 'was roughly this. Whereas mysticism, as we usually understand it, is the result of ceaseless pondering on ideas of good and beauty, there may be an opposite state produced by a similar absorption in ideas of hatred and evil. I suspect that some of those witches who used to terrorise communities of old possessed a quite genuine power of influence derived from such absorption. And I think that I came upon an

instance of this at Caseholme Mill. I did not understand it at the time, and I don't understand it now, but it impressed me very deeply and permanently.'

'Tell us about it,' said Mrs. Warburton, keenly interested.

'Well,' said the Canon, 'the occupier of the mill was a middle-aged widow, a Mrs. Morgan. She lived absolutely alone, was never known to admit anyone into the house, and was almost always to be found leaning over the wall which separates the mill from the mill-pool and staring at the water. The story ran that she had lost both her husband and her only child a good many years before, and had ever since been wandering in her wits. The husband had died of some quick illness, appendicitis perhaps—only we did not know it as that in those days—while the child had been drowned somewhere near the mill.

'I used to pass the mill fairly often, and I several times tried to get her to talk, but it was no use. A curt monosyllable, accompanied by a scowl, and then she would resume her staring into the water. Only once did she really speak to me, and then I wished she hadn't. "They say you black-coated ones can bless," she hissed. "Can you curse?" The emphasis she threw into the question and the glare of hatred in her eyes positively frightened me. I was still a young man, and I could not cope with the situation. I stammered out some meaningless utterance and hurried away. It was just a week after that, that they found her early one morning in the usual place, leaning over the wall, and stone-dead. She seemed to have been there all night. The rector was fetched, and he told me afterwards that the face was simply terrible. I remember his words well. "A sort of triumphant malevolence" was his description, "as though the eyes in dying had seen their desire upon their enemies, and maybe had a share in fulfilling it." They brought it in as death from natural causes, accelerated by underfeeding and neglect. I suppose that sort of thing would not happen nowadays—that was a long time ago, and local authorities were more casual. But I should have been sorry to have to look after such a case. If ever the fixed idea was working to some end it was there, though I know not what the end was.'

'When was the body found?' I asked. 'In what year, I mean?'

The Canon pondered. 'I think it was '79 or '80,' he said. 'I remember the date more clearly than the year, because it happened to be my birthday, the twenty-first of September.'

That casual piece of information made me sit up with a start, and Mrs. Warburton noticed. 'What's the matter?' she asked.

'Coincidence,' I said. And then I simply had to tell them how Pritchard and I had been in the mill and about the curious drawing and inscription which we had found there. I did not, however, say anything about the event which had started our exploration—I felt somehow that it wanted further thought. But what I did tell interested them sufficiently.

'Amazing,' said the Canon. 'As you say, the date may be a coincidence, but the drawing suggests something astonishing. You remember, of course, that the fish symbol was sacred among the primitive Christians because the Greek word for fish formed an anagram of the Saviour's name and attributes. And profanation or inversion of sacred things has ever been a part of black magic. Remember, too, how she asked me if I could curse as well as bless . . . it's astonishing!' He subsided into murmurs of wonder, and the conversation, though it went on for some time, brought us no nearer to an understanding of what the drawing meant or why the unfortunate widow had been such a grim figure. Eventually we left the matter where it was, with a mutual agreement that if any of us got any further light we would share it.

After that I went home, having incidentally got the Canon's address—at Barchester—and bearing a bundle of disturbing thoughts instead of the treasures of melody in pursuit of which I had set out.

#### IV.

At the first opportunity I told Pritchard the story related by Canon Henderson, and he nodded his appreciation of the details. 'It fits in,' he said. 'But we're still in the dark as to the "why" of it all. *What* happened at the mill? I've got a kind of idea, but it's so wild that I daren't say anything about it—anyhow till I've made some researches. I know what I want to find, though, and that's something.' Whereupon he went off with the abruptness which is not unusual with him.

A fortnight later, or thereabouts, he sent me a brief note. 'I've found a clue,' it said. 'Come round to the Arundinids on Tuesday evening and I'll show you.'

The Arundinids is a fishing club in London to which we both belong, partly for the sake of having a place where one can talk

'shop' with like-minded folk without being a public nuisance, and partly for the use of a considerable library which the club has amassed in the course of its fifty years or more of existence.

I imagined that this library had something to do with Pritchard's discovery, and I was not wrong. He led the way upstairs to the small room where the books are housed, and got out a folio volume of newspaper cuttings, one of a series of which the librarian is justifiably proud.

'Here you are,' he said, turning over the leaves till he came to page 41, 'read that.'

I bent over the table and found that he had his finger on a cutting from some old paper, possibly *The Field* or *Bell's Life*, but there was nothing to indicate which. The type of several papers in the later part of last century was very similar. The cutting was a letter, which ran thus :

#### VORACITY OF PIKE.

'SIR,—This topic is of such interest that I will not apologise for bringing another instance to the notice of your readers. Only yesterday I was walking beside the lake here with my gun and my spaniel bitch, Daisy, when I caught sight of some dead bird lying against a bed of rushes about twenty-five yards out. Thinking it might be a duck which someone had brought down and failed to retrieve, I sent Daisy in after it. She swam out, like the good little bitch she is, and had got about two-thirds of the way across when there was a tremendous swirl in the water and she positively disappeared for a moment, evidently having been pulled under by a big pike. She came up again almost at once, but it was plain that the brute still had hold of her somewhere and she was in great difficulties. There was only one thing to be done, for there was no boat within a quarter of a mile. I must fire and risk a pellet or two injuring Daisy. Aiming well behind where her hind quarters must be I did so, and luckily the shot took effect, the fish being either hit or shocked into letting go. Daisy was free, and she lost no time in getting ashore. She was not much the worse, luckily, but her left leg was bleeding from several small wounds, showing where the teeth of the pike had taken hold. But for my lucky shot I am convinced she would have been drowned.

'For my part I should never be surprised if there were truth in the stories one sometimes hears of human beings being attacked by pike when bathing, though most people discredit them.

'R. L. COMBLEMERE.

'November 7, 76.'

'[We agree with our correspondent, who was lucky to get his spaniel safe ashore. It is only about ten or twelve years since we heard of a very sad case in which a little child of three or four was drowned, and it was said that it was seized by a big pike when paddling in the shallow water beside a mill-pool. We never got the exact details, but it was reported that the child was carried into the deep water close to the mill-wheel under its mother's eyes, and we believe that neither the body nor the fish was found afterwards. —Ed.]'

'What do you think of that?' said Pritchard, when I had finished reading.

'It fits in,' I meditated, 'date and all. And such an experience might explain the state of mind of that unfortunate woman.'

'And the drawing,' he suggested.

'Yes, the drawing too, I suppose,' I agreed. 'But——' I paused, hesitating.

He took my point at once. 'Yes, it doesn't explain the rest. And I don't see how the rest is to be explained—unless pike live to be centenarians and can travel overland. Well, let's go down to the smoking-room and see who's there. I think we've pretty well got to the end of the mill story.'

But we hadn't. Fate had a further instalment prepared for us that very evening. We found quite a little crowd downstairs engaged in an animated discussion on the question of fish-diseases and similar topics. Old Carstairs was acting as a sort of unofficial chairman, as he generally does when in the club. Old age, when combined with ripe understanding and quick wit, gives a man natural authority among his fellows.

'The Germans are ahead of us in some ways,' Mandeville was saying as we came in, 'but we've done a good deal here now—scale-reading, for instance. I think we're in front there. And disease has not been ignored. We know what furunculosis is, and there've been experiments in treating it, as well as salmon disease. Of course there's room for plenty more work, and it badly wants doing, but there is a chance nowadays of getting some problems cleared up. Better than there was thirty years ago, don't you think?' He appealed to Carstairs.

'Yes, I do,' was the reply. 'We knew relatively little about that side of fishery work then, though speculation was active enough, and that, I suppose, led to the actual research which has given results. I only wish it had begun earlier. I've come across

some interesting things myself in the past, but not known what to do with them.'

Somebody urged him to give instances. 'Well,' he said, 'there was one special fish which ought to have had scientific attention, but which only received hasty burial. It was the most revolting object I ever saw, but I dare say the pathologists would have made something of it.'

'What was it?' Mandeville asked.

'A pike,' he answered, 'which was found dead in the Case—some of you know it, I expect. *You* do, anyhow,'—he addressed me—'you've got a rod on it, haven't you?'

I nodded, and Pritchard said 'So have I.' He added, with a quick glance at me, 'Tell us about the pike. When and where was it?'

Carstairs thought a little. 'When? Let me see. I know—it was in 1880. I'd been called the year before. And the place was a pool below Caseholme Mill. I was staying near there for a few days' partridge shooting. One day it happened that my host, Anstruther, could not go out owing to a local tragedy—at the mill, in fact. A woman who lived there had been found dead in the morning, and Anstruther was called in, with other local magnates, to see to things. If it hadn't been for that trouble I dare say the pike would have attracted more notice. It was an extraordinary fish.

'As we could not shoot, curiosity, morbid curiosity if you like, led me to walk over to the mill to see the place of the tragedy. But there was nothing to see by then. They had taken the body away, and everything was quiet, except the river, which came splashing under the mill-wheel into the pool. The house was shut up with the blinds down. I turned and was going to depart, when I caught sight of a figure bending down over something at the tail-end of the pool. It was behind a hedge, and had not been visible as I came up. At the same moment I was evidently seen myself, for the figure straightened and an arm beckoned. I walked across to a gate, went through it, and followed the hedge down to the water. There I found a middle-aged farm-hand looking at this fish, which was stranded just at his feet. "Look at that, sir," he said.

'I looked, and saw a huge head attached to a body that was emaciated to the last possible degree, and obviously afflicted with some awful disease, fungused, blotchy, and altogether repulsive.



The whole fish was not far off four feet long, and in its prime, if it ever had a prime, must have weighed 30 lb. or more. At the moment of dissolution I don't suppose it weighed ten—we got a long stick and raked it out without much difficulty. But I frankly did not like to touch it, not that it was putrid—it evidently hadn't been dead more than a day—but because of its unwholesome appearance. How on earth it got into such a state I've never been able to imagine, but if we'd had a fish pathologist handy he might have given some diagnosis. As it was, my farm-labourer friend summed up the case with the words: "That's been a long time a-dying." And really the diagnosis seemed sound. The face of the fish seemed to wear an expression of hopeless misery, if you can imagine a pike's face doing that. I said to the man that we had better bury the corpse—it didn't seem a wholesome thing to leave about—and we did so then and there, in an old heap of leaf mould and rubbish near the gate.

'I told Anstruther about it afterwards, and he promised to inquire whether there was any local knowledge of such a big pike living in the pool, but I never heard any more. Probably the neighbourhood was too occupied with the greater tragedy to be interested in the lesser. But I should like to have had that fish's life-history.'

Pritchard, who had listened to all this with an expressionless countenance, glanced at me again. Then he asked a question. 'Had the fish any special mark on it?'

Carstairs looked surprised. 'Curious,' he answered, 'that you should raise that point. It *had* one mark that impressed me a good deal. Just about six inches behind the gills on its flank there was a kind of red cancerous place where disease had eaten right through the scales and skin into the tissues. And it was of the exact shape and size of the hand of a little child.'

## BUNGAY.

BY EDMUND CANDLER.

BUNGAY.—The word is a small joke in itself and falls in with the Rev. Septimus Rabbit and all the rest of Thackeray's humorously suggestive nomenclature. There are people who do not believe in Bungay; the name sounds too good to be true. I remember a colonial port officer in a distant country who brightened when he saw on my luggage the label of a town in East Anglia not a hundred miles from Liverpool Street. 'I see you have recently been to Suffolk,' he said. 'Perhaps you can tell me if there is really a place called Bungay.' He had been reading 'A Little Dinner at Timmins's.'

I assured him that Bungay really exists, and that it may be found on the map on the Norfolk and Suffolk border surrounded by other little towns with odd names—Beccles, Eye, Hoxne, Diss. It is strange that Mr. Titmarsh did not borrow more extensively from the topography of the neighbourhood.

The Earl of Bungay was a distant relation of the Timminses. He was invited to the dinner, but, being an earl, did not appear. However, the Countess of Bungay was there 'in Court mourning (for the late Prince of Schlippen-Schloppen). She had on a large black funereal turban and appurtenances, and a vast breastplate of twinkling, twiddling black bugles. No wonder a man could not be gay in talking to *her*.' Other Bungay folk, it appears, were equally forbidding and exclusive. Mr. Roundabout in 'Small Beer Chronicle' complains that 'the Member for Bungay has left off asking me and Mrs. Roundabout to his evening parties.' As a natural consequence of this slight he backed the member for Stoke Poges against him.

Not a bad name, Stoke Poges, by the way, though a long way behind Bungay. But it is not only earls and countesses and members of Parliament that derive from Bungay. In 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball,' Mr. Titmarsh alludes to his uncle, the Rev. W. Gruels of the Independent Congregation, Bungay; and I am convinced that one could discover a host of other bourgeois relatives and plebeian dependents, housekeepers, and grooms, of Mr. Titmarsh and Mr. Roundabout and their friends who hail from the little red-roofed town on the Waveney; only one forgets where to look for them.

Eliza, Mr. Roundabout's ancestress, beloved of the ghostly

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Pinto, was a Bungay lady. 'At Bungay on the Waveney did I not walk with thee,' sighs the enamoured Pinto; and Mr. Roundabout remembers that his ancestress did indeed live at Bungay St. Mary's, where she lies buried. 'She used to walk with a tortoiseshell cane, she used to wear little black velvet shoes, the prettiest high heels in the world.' Here Bungay is more than a name. It is a habitation with a river and a parish church with a patron saint. Thackeray's curiosity must have been moved to looking it up in a map; one might almost believe that he had been there. Anyhow, there is some effort at visualisation at last. Bungay is lifted out of the topography of mere badinage. It is a town on the Waveney—a beautiful river with a beautiful name. No, Mr. Roundabout cannot have visited the home of his ancestress, or we should have heard more of Bungay and its common, and the Waveney, which divides just above the town into two—or is it three?—streams. Wherries and yachts ascend the Waveney from the coast almost as far as Bungay, but it is to the upper reaches, where the rustic water-mills preclude traffic, that the genius of the river has retired—quiet, undisturbed pools where the moorhen nests; shallows choked with umbelliferous water-weed that reeks in the sun; meadows golden with marsh-marigold in April, bright with cuckoo-flower and ragged robin in May and June, then in flaming summer ablaze with loosestrife and willowherb and fragrant with meadowsweet.

There is a castle, too, at Bungay—that goes without saying—a castle that Thackeray can never have visited. I remember the pellitory of the wall growing there. That it was found at Bungay seemed to clinch the ubiquity of the plant. Bungay gave it the most homely associations. Ancient walls are now incomplete without it; one is the more drawn to the pellitory of the wall because one finds it everywhere on old keeps, generally in the company of the toadflax, wallflower or valerian, from Trebizond on the Euxine to Bungay in Suffolk, from Shardi on the Kishengunga to Fontarabia in Spain. Roman arches, mediaeval ramparts, and cloisters are the more Roman and mediaeval for this homely, hardy, enduring herb that weaves itself into the mortar like the vesture of antiquity.

There is a tradition in the family, I believe, that Thackeray used to receive an occasional turkey from a friend in Norfolk, but that he had no other connexion with the county. He never saw the gorse on Bungay common or the deer in Flixton Park, or the heronry, or wandered on the Bath Hills, the local

Himalayas that raise themselves at least 150 feet above the Waveney. One could wish that he had seen Bungay, for it is doubtful if any familiarity could have killed the romance that resides in the name. It is a magic that defies analysis, like a formula from some ancient *grimoire*. The combination of the first three letters acts as a spell to evoke the absurd, as was discovered by the originator of the expletive 'bunkum.' The second syllable falls on unready and incredulous ears, like infantry after an artillery barrage. 'Gay' clinches the shock; but the virtue, of course, lies in the 'bun.' Was not Friar Bungay a magician? The formula is so potent, even without an affix, that it reacts unfairly on our daily lives. There is nothing funny about eating bread or cake or gingerbread. But buns! Buns are ridiculous. One thinks at once of the satirist's 'bun-fed' clerks, or of the curate with his glass of milk and his Bath bun. Bunbury was a favourite name of Thackeray's for his county families, and I believe most of his imbibers of brandy-pawnee, cronies of Jos Sedley or Colonel Newcome, were associated in some occult way with Bundeclund. I should like to have a wager with anyone reading through Thackeray's collected works as he opened each volume that he would find at least one Bungay in it.

There is a 'Bungay Beacon,' of course, editor—Major Gahagan; and Bungay, the publisher, looms so large in 'Pendennis' and 'The Newcomes' that lesser parasites or seedlings of the Bungay tradition are crowded out to avoid confusion. I have a theory that the printers who came to the real Bungay were drawn there in the first place out of a spirit of emulation, if indeed they had not an eye on the patronage of the firm that published the works of Mr. Arthur Pendennis.

Bungay has since become increasingly literary in its associations. Even Mr. Wells has been unable to keep outside the circle. And Mr. E. V. Lucas has taken us to the Bungay pageant. 'We have no genius at Bungay,' says Mrs. Catt-Williams in 'Mr. Ingleside.' 'A literary society, called the Circle, meets in the winter once a month; and Mr. Rider Haggard is quite near. But Mr. Rider Haggard never took me off my feet as Mr. Hichens does.' Sir Rider Haggard, it is true, may be seen at Bungay almost daily in the flesh. The magic carpet which carried him to King Solomon's Mines, and no doubt to Grand Cairo and Baghdad, has landed him at Ditchingham, the next parish to the Ultima Thule of romance. Perhaps that is why Mrs. Catt-Williams, who lives too near the Tower of Ivory, was not carried off her feet.

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I imagined that Thackeray was the spiritual Cortez of this fairyland, until I discovered that Chateaubriand was there in 1794. The reader will perhaps be incredulous. 'Too many literary sponsors at the feast,' he will submit. Nevertheless, it is a fact that 'Monsieur Shatterbrians'—or more probably 'Shatterbrains,' as he was called by his pupils in Beccles—was so fascinated by the name that directly he landed on the shores of Albion he hurried there in person. Was it Bungay or the Waveney, the grotesque or the poetic, or the combination of the poetic and the grotesque, that was irresistible? For if Bungay is a name to be invoked hesitatingly by the lyric Muse, Waveney is wholly Parnassian. Lyric or grotesque, however, it will be admitted that the twain were no ill-assorted parents of romance. Monsieur Shatterbrains, once domiciled by the Waveney, was held there by another spell: he shattered brains and hearts equally well in Bungay. He had not been long in the town when he fell head over ears in love with Miss Charlotte Ives, the daughter of the incumbent of St. Margaret's, Ilketshall.<sup>1</sup> It appears that he was approved as a suitor; only, when the moment came for the expected declaration, he confessed to Mrs. Ives, who fell in a fainting fit on the floor, that there was a Madame Chateaubriand languishing in a French prison. Bungay, we may be sure, will yet be traced as an inspiration in the romantic movement in France.

Why not a Bungay game? Confine the ground at first to the works of Thackeray. I offer the idea to any sufficiently serious-minded paterfamilias. It would be a seasonable pastime for the Christmas holidays, combining the correct modicum of amusement and instruction. Let the family draw lots for the volumes, so that the harvest may combine the fruits of chance and diligence, and then set to work searching for Bungays like plums in a pudding, and a golden penny to whoever discovers the most.

I must add a postscript in a spirit of boastfulness. While I was making these notes in a house in the Pyrenees, far from libraries, forgetful of Robert Greene's Friar and his hound, with no books of reference and only two volumes of Thackeray, I picked up 'Kenilworth.' I was delighted to find that the dog in Chapter XII was called Bungay. There must be something in the Bungay game, for I felt as if I had landed a two-pound trout.

<sup>1</sup> 'Chateaubriand's First Love,' by Francis Gribble, *The Fortnightly Review*, November 1908.

### BEHIND THE BARS.

FIRST acquaintance with the inside of a prison invariably leaves the visitor surprised. Somehow the anticipation is so different from the reality. Everyone expects to find the same tragedy—a place of infinite despair where a mass of down-trodden humanity beats its wings aimlessly against the bars of a cage. Instead here is a small self-sufficing community, where the principle of division of labour holds full sway, and each has his allotted task; where the rule is one of kindness rather than fear, and an atmosphere of cheerful busyness abounds. Probably no one is more relieved than the prisoner who enters these gates for the first time. It is when they close behind him after discharge that he may well despair at the prospect of the weary road ahead.

Certainly no better corrective for the prison visitor can be found than the simultaneous undertaking of some piece of social work which will lead her to penetrate into the slums of her city. She will join in the cry for penal reform, but her sense of proportion will be preserved, and there is little doubt that her first demand will be for proper housing conditions for respectable citizens, and for the elimination of an environment calculated to breed criminals.

It is a truism of life that no piece of work can be well done without first serving an apprenticeship to it, and that though these apprenticeships tend to prove expensive affairs, they are worth every bit of the labour and heart-burning involved. Nowhere is the fact more obvious than in prison work, for here there is no fingerpost to point the way. This omission is all the more distressing in that so much time is necessarily spent at the crossroads, trying first one way out of the maze and then another. Certainly there are a few axioms which should be put into the hands of every novice, and she will soon add corollaries for herself as the occasion demands them.

1. You can make nothing of a prisoner who sees quite plainly that you have ceased to believe in her, or in human nature. It is infinitely better to be 'taken in' occasionally than to succumb to this temptation.

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justice, and don't expect resonance from a broken reed. It must be mended first.

3. Don't nag too much on the past, but rather use it as a beacon to warn for the future.

4. Never give your address. Otherwise your doorstep will not be large enough for the demands that will be made upon it. It is much more satisfactory to visit the ex-prisoner in her own home, if she wants you.

5. Hold on tight to your sense of humour with both hands, and if Providence has played you false in this respect, don't embark on the work.

6. Let nothing surprise you.

Above all, it is a comforting reflection that all beginnings are difficult, and that though this work can never be easy, it does in time become simplified, as far as it ever can be, by an experience in which each recruit must work out his own salvation in fear and trembling. And until this happy result is achieved, it is always possible to draw on the stores of wisdom of those who devote their whole lives to this service, for it is far better to state ignorance than to illustrate it. Thus gradually some sort of classification may be made, and certain types begin to emerge, which are readily identified on their inevitable reappearance. For reappear they will, though in a different human form, let us hope. Indeed, prison cases go round and round in a circle, and here, as elsewhere, there is nothing new under the sun.

First of all, there are the kleptomaniacs, and everyone will agree that it is not necessary to pass the bars in order to make their acquaintance. Indeed, they are a sign of these post-war times, when the immorality of 'Finding's Keeping' is writ large on every class of society. Here, if anywhere, the sad fact of inequality of opportunity is worked out to its logical conclusion, and the inveterate snatcher, who is born on a sufficiently low rung of the social ladder, is not likely to escape the hand of justice. For the deftest thief hardly dare hope to cover up her traces nowadays, with the law on her tracks like a blood-hound. Undoubtedly if the kleptomaniac is to escape calamity, she needs all the leisure and tact that her own circle can devote to her; and who can claim that such a resource is a universal prerogative? Her thefts are so casual and so devoid of motive that it is impossible to reduce them to any principle of law

or order, and they may appear cured only to break out afresh in some entirely unforeseen direction. For the defect is rather mental than moral.

I am safe to mention Jane, for at any given moment there is always a Jane in prison. Either it is a name of ill-omen, or in practice it proves the handiest pseudonym. She is an inoffensive old soul, who would not hurt the feelings of a fly. The bane of her life is a devouring curiosity. She is simply dying to know everything about you: where you live, whether you are a grandmother, and if you manage to hit it off with your servants. New clothes never escape her, and she solemnly wishes you health to wear them. In course of time she will give up personalities as a bad job, and turn her attention to news of the day. Is the strike over? And has the cost of living come down? Gradually she must be led back to such topics as the weather and the state of the crops; and though her face will fall sadly, it is as well to remind her that it is of character you would speak, for your purpose is not merely to pass the time of day. But that theme is the very one she would eschew, for she evidently feels she has now heard all there can possibly be to say on the subject; and she is not far wrong.

If the idea is expanded, it needs little effort of imagination to picture her coursing through drawers and bureaux in a feverish endeavour to see all there is to be seen. A bright-coloured scarf or hatpin, or even a piece of wax, would prove her undoing, for she has the primitive craving for colour. Modern psychology may have something to say on the matter. Certainly common observation teaches us that a thwarted love of the colour and sparkle of life does tend to fester and become transformed into a compelling desire which will seek outlet, even if it be an illegitimate one. Naturally this explanation would not be Jane's at all. Instinct supplies the clue for her every time. 'Something seemed to come over me like,' she will tell you, and she remains bewildered at these mysterious acquisitive assertions of her nature. For in reality she is a kindly creature, and if she thought about it, the last thing in the world she would want is that anyone should suffer on her account.

The saddest fact about such a case is its incurability. Perhaps the most essential qualification of a prison visitor is that she should hope on when all seems lost, yet it is doubtful if anyone has a genuine record of a kleptomaniac cure to her credit.

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Prison discipline cannot arrest these irrelevancies, and *faute de mieux* one woman will steal the soap from another's pail. It is this class of prisoner that has been most affected by recent revival tendencies, in so far as they spread to the prison. One of the most fervent converts was loud, indeed ominously too loud in her protests that her prison days were over, and that hers would be a changed life in future. She was absolutely sincere, and it seemed heartless to remind her of the world of temptations to which she was returning. Yet we felt it our duty to do so. Certainly no woman ever left a prison cell more full of good resolutions for the future. Yet before a week or two had passed she was 'wanted' again.

It is a relief to turn to those who steal, not as an end in itself, but as a means to an end. Few of us would dare to be hard on the starving man or woman who steals food, for hunger can demoralise a sterling character. But perhaps the most common form of theft is that committed in order to obtain money for drink.

The Jackdaw embodies most of the characteristics of this class of criminal. It was not difficult to find a name for her. Indeed, her habits suggested it right away. However, if it be true, as moralists tell us, that to recognise the existence of a fault is to go far towards its cure, there is good hope for her. She is simply brimful of sentiment, and I nearly broke her heart with a long discourse on the life-history of rings, the world of romance that lies behind most of them, and the consequent irrevocable nature of the loss to their owner. Somehow she had never thought of it in that light before. Now she has developed such a nausea for the source of her undoing that it is perfectly safe to prophesy that she has stolen her last ring. But there remains the fear that her attention may be drawn to some more prosaic means of exchange, to money itself, for example. Not that she suffers from a drink craving. Far from it! But her social instinct is intensely strong, and she simply cannot 'keep herself to herself.' To make matters worse, there are always bad companions only too ready to commemorate her discharge, and to start once more to batten off her generous nature. What she has needed more than anything else is a guiding hand, and there was none to guide her.

Pawnshops standing in suggestively close proximity to a public-house are the invariable clue to the Jackdaw's misdeeds;

and each time she returns to us, she looks more disreputable than the last. Days pass before she loses the look of the day after the night before. During this period she is desperately sorry for herself, and it is impossible to do anything with her till she has emerged from this maudlin condition. Life is literally nothing but a vale of tears. Soon, however, the regular hours and discipline of prison life assert themselves, as they inevitably do: by the time a month has passed, she begins to look a self-respecting woman, and to regain a proper perspective of right and wrong. She is perfectly aware of the change herself, for her mirror tells her the tale; she attributes it to the absence of drink, and to the sense of security engendered by prison life. There are no worries left to drown, and though the routine may chafe sadly at times, there is much to be said for a roof over your head and no rent to pay.

As her last sentence was a long one, there was plenty of time for thought. She began to plan for the future, and in her planning the realisation dawned that as drink was the invariable cause of her downfall, she must at all costs leave no loophole of escape to return by the road which had led her to this pass. Gradually the months passed, and she set to work to collect her forces with a view to discharge. Her cards were frankly laid on the table, and you were asked to look at them. Certainly it was a poor hand that Fate had dealt her, and previous play had weakened its chances still further. There remained her potentialities as a domestic worker and a husband, to whom she alluded with affectionate contempt as old enough to be her father. Like so many of her class, she had been married to the first bidder, and thoughts of age or romance had never entered into the transaction at all. Still, she admitted that he had always been good to her. She had not seen him for years, however, and had far too much pride to throw herself on his mercy now. Naturally, he would want to have nothing further to do with her. At last she decided on a Salvation Army Home, entirely out of reach of bad associations, and it only remained to overhaul her wardrobe. Her outfit was certainly sketchy in the extreme, and pawntickets were all that was left to represent the best of her clothing.

My last visit was as sad as the last of everything generally is. I was going to miss her horribly, for she had provided most of the colour of my prison rounds during the winter. There was

the famous account of the way she had brought in the New Year with a wild whoop following hard on the guns. There was her terrible bout of neuralgia and the subsequent hilarity at finding herself the possessor of a tooth the less. Then the time when she slid down beside you, and read out her New Year letter, filling every space between the lines with good resolutions. She was a child at heart, and we yearned over her. Would she ever stand the continued strain of enforced restrictions and self-repression?

But Fate suddenly took the affair entirely out of our hands. It is a little way she has, and often we live to bless her for it. All our careful planning now appeared one of those best-laid schemes that 'gang aft agley.' A kind Providence had solved the question in far finer fashion. Imagine the Jackdaw's feelings when her husband suddenly sprang up from nowhere, and offered to take her away and start a fresh life. His grey hairs vanished utterly from sight, as well they might. Indeed, no old man ever more generously earned a title to perpetual youth in the soul of his young wife. Off she went with him in high heart, clutching the bundle of pawntickets which he had promised to redeem. And the last we heard was that she was living happily ever after.

Bridget is a very superior person, and as Irish as her name implies. She derives her pride from two sources. First, there is her nationality, for she thanks God every day for it, and is quite ready to give points to any politician on the Irish question. Secondly, there is the uplifting knowledge that, drunkard though she be, she has never descended to dishonesty. Consequently she 'looks down' on her fellow-prisoners. Indeed, she inclines to a species of moral snobbery, and feels herself a fish out of water in her present surroundings. It must be confessed that her appearance is not prepossessing. One of her eyes has a way of wandering about on its own, and even of disappearing entirely from sight at emotional moments. Bridget assures me that this phenomenon is the result of a fit; but there are other theories for its explanation. There remain, however, a fascinating brogue and a responsive nature, and the sense of shame of one who has come down in life. Perhaps there is unconscious exaggeration in the delightful pictures of her old Irish home, but certain it is that she is disgusted with her slum, which she characterises as not fit for an Irish girl to live in.

There is an overmastering desire in her bosom for new beginnings and drastic reforms, for expediency and compromise hold no place in her philosophy. The patching up of her life under present conditions seems an impossibility, but she feels she might have lived worthily in a dry country. Hence her tremendous advocacy of Prohibition. To one of her temperament, the monotony of a prison routine must be appalling; but if there is even a remote prospect of a lecture or concert, she treads on air. Nor does the effect wear off immediately. The recital of Kipling's 'If' once filled her with vague yearnings after better things, and for long her thoughts dwelt on might-have-beens. Variety is her sauce of life, and she prefers a nasty jolt to a rut any day. Thus hardly has she left prison before she takes violent means to escape the drudgery of her life, and the public-house is, alas! always the handiest solution of the problem.

Strong desires are expressed that you should constitute yourself an after-care committee for her special benefit. In this respect she differs from many of her compeers, who naturally feel that they would prefer to sever their prison connexion on discharge. The neighbours might begin to wonder. But Bridget has no such forebodings. Pressing invitations are showered on you, but as the hostess is not likely to be at home, they are hardly worth accepting. Once after urgent and successful demands for a visit, she returned to our ministrations within ten days. It was the result of a liberation just before New Year. But she would have been no Irishwoman had she failed to wriggle out of an awkward situation. When my hour of visitation came round, she suddenly felt ill and took to bed; but it is on record that later in the day she mysteriously revived, and as her sentence was of very short duration, she was spared any further embarrassment.

The very idea of culpable homicide brings a shudder in its train, and the visitor who enters the cell of the perpetrator of such a crime appeals to the public as a Daniel in the lion's den, with one eye on the lion all the time. But such a picture is divorced from reality, for these women look much like the rest of their sex. Often their normal self is kindly and generous, and they have gone temporarily crazy under the influence of drink. Indeed, drink is the prime populator of prisons.

It is undoubtedly a fact that the artistic sense of this class of criminal is often strongly developed. One of them has been



known to revel in Browning, and to carry the art of embroidery to such perfection that to give her mail bags to mend seemed like asking a razor to cut butter. The realisation of their past does not haunt them for ever. They would go mad if it did. Remorse is like grief, in that time must inevitably blunt its sharp edge. Proof of the fact is found in unwillingness to be satisfied with small beginnings. Sometimes such a prisoner's ambition entirely over-rules her common sense, and she will weave day-dreams whose realisation could only spell calamity. A woman who has found difficulty in remaining sober for a week will suddenly feel a call to take up maternity work as a profession; or the possessor of a vile temper will fancy herself as a children's nurse. It is only the best who realise that they must start afresh to climb from the very bottom of the ladder, and that the building up of character must be their first concern.

It is time now for some light and shade, so let us turn to my two deaf friends. The first takes entire charge of the conversation, and so relieves you of responsibility for any awkwardness that might ensue. She certainly is a tremendous talker, and only wants an audience. Indeed, deafness hardly handicaps her at all, for she has no great desire to hear what you have to say. Perhaps she is afraid of the idea that her misdeeds may be noised abroad. Like most of the deaf, she feels in her element with an undercurrent of noise playing round her; so she has made friends with a sewing-machine, and has always a good morning's work to show for herself. Notwithstanding her detached attitude, she has formed an exaggerated estimate of my powers of eloquence, and her fertile brain even went so far as to suggest a scheme by which she was to lend her kitchen for me to address the assembled neighbours. Needless to say, this programme left me cold, and I was relieved to find later on that she was already a protégée of a certain mission. When I told her the result of my researches, and explained that in a world where so much work waited to be done, it was impossible to encourage such overlapping, her face fell. She explained that she was tired of the mission, and I had not the heart to assure her that the feeling was mutual. Probably she had begun to realise that they understood her too well.

My other friend, 'The Lady with the Slate,' is stone-deaf. By rights she should be a masterpiece adorning one of our galleries, though the sittings would certainly have proved stormy affairs.

The simple fact that she does not want to see you at all makes her one of the hardest nuts to crack. The average prisoner, tired of her own company, is so anxious for sympathy and advice, and for the relief of unburdening her heart, that a warm welcome is the order of the day, and the visitor who discovers herself in the guise of an intruder is brought up with a nasty jerk. 'The Lady with the Slate' gives up her stool with a very bad grace indeed, then hands you her slate, and goes on unconcernedly stringing her labels as though she had discharged all the social duties that could possibly be expected of her. Thereafter the dialogue proceeds something after this style:

*Prisoner* : 'I've a question to speer.'

*Slate* : 'Certainly.'

*Prisoner* : 'What good do you think you're doing wasting your time here?'

*Slate* : 'No good at all, unless you meet me half-way.'

*Prisoner* : 'I ken fine all ye want to say, but I can look after mysel.'

*Slate* : 'Then why are you here?'

*Prisoner* : 'There's worse places than here.'

*Slate (both sides)* 'Well, if that's what you really feel, I need not waste sympathy or try to help you. There are plenty who are not of your opinion waiting to see me, so good morning.'

*Prisoner* : 'What's your hurry? Bide a wee.'

And you generally bide.

The bigamists form a very definite class by themselves with certain salient features. They at least have mastered the art of 'keeping themselves to themselves.' Yet perhaps they make a virtue of necessity, for it must be remembered that since their second 'marriage' their lives have been passed on the edge of a volcano which might start smouldering at any moment. Ordinary prudence would suggest that it was as well to keep far back. But sooner or later Nemesis overtakes them. Sometimes the real husband develops a taste for reprisals, and having finally 'taken up with another girl' naturally wants a divorce so that he can marry her. Perhaps the revengeful pursuit of 'in-laws' brings the culprit to book, or a hunted feeling may gradually lead her to give herself up into the hands of justice. This very possession of a keen conscience proclaims the moral superiority of the bigamist. Far more sinned against than sinning, she is

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more often than not the victim of a very early marriage, into which circumstances have relentlessly driven her. Perhaps there was the need of escape from an unhappy home life, which she only exchanged for another; or, if the man was in a good position, it may have been over-persuasion on the part of the parents. 'Him being a sergeant-major' has been known to cover an infinite disparity of age and temperament. The result is an unhappy marriage, followed by the unfortunate appearance of the other man at the psychologically strategic moment. Generally he is a decent sort, and his kindness and sweet reasonableness stand out in vivid contrast to the 'dog's life' meted out by his predecessor. He can write a beautiful love letter, too, as I can testify. A real attachment springs up, which will readily stand the strain of a term of imprisonment. 'My first husband was a heavy boozier, and I wouldn't go back to him, not for twenty pounds a week,' is a common sentiment.

If only it were always such plain sailing! Sometimes the pendulum swings pretty equally between the two men, and you are asked to give a casting vote; and how can a spinster preside successfully at the unravelling of a matrimonial tangle of this kind? Others, again, have lost entire conceit of the male sex, and all they want is peace to live out their own lives in their own way, for it has begun to dawn on them that there may be 'a wheen divertin' things in life forbye love.'

Cherry is the most promising of these. She is a cheery little person with a face like a rosy apple. A firm believer in the efficacy of 'Difficulties to overcome and strength to overcome them,' she is at the top of the hill before other climbers have won their second breath; but the two men who have been her evil geniuses have never given her time for more than a peep at the promised land. Down she must come, and be once more of the earth, earthy. And even now, though she has finally shaken off these vampires, there are still moods of depression when her little boy is the only lever that can raise her from a slough of despond. 'I hae the name o' a good pair of hands,' she assures you, however; and the future holds no terrors for a first-class laundress with a host of capitalist friends at her back.

The first offender is a very different person from what she used to be. Time was when, having plumbed the lowest depth of misery, she invariably received you with open arms. Not that the best type has altogether vanished, for her representatives

are still found amongst those on whom our highest hopes are centred, and from whom we draw our greatest triumphs. Nowadays, however, the whole penal system has changed so greatly in favour of the delinquent that often she only comes to prison when the hardening process has set well in and the damage is beyond repair. Probably a lenient magistrate has admonished her so often that she had begun to laugh up her sleeve at him when he suddenly stopped turning the other cheek, and recorded a conviction against her. Years of her life spent on probation may have produced no effect; for that instrument which, if properly worked, is the most reformatory of all influences, too often falls into the hands of those who have either no proper idea of its administration, or are unable adequately to meet its enormous demands on their time and energies.

Conversation generally reveals the fact that the mental calibre of the first offender is abnormal. Actual intelligence may be of a relatively high order, far outstripping a moral sense, which lags so greatly behind as to have no say whatsoever in the wise ruling of life. The symptoms of such instability are a weak will and a degenerate outlook, and their danger is only intensified by the possession of an active brain. These young creatures are like irregular verbs that follow no known rule and must be mastered individually; and the grammar of their lives is hard and strange to understand. Discussion of aims and motives may induce an attitude of mere sullenness and a resentment of interference, when the only glance that is vouchsafed you says as plainly as schoolboy phraseology, 'After you with me.' Time and again you feel that there is nothing to appeal to. A friend of the writer was once trying to bring home some sense of shame to a girl of this type who, at a certain stage of her career, had gone up to London to live with the man who ultimately proved her undoing.

'What a price to pay!' she remarked.

'Yes,' was the reply. 'Three pounds five single.'

Want of variety in the prison life of first offenders is a matter of expediency, for it is infinitely better that they should remain working in their own cells than that any hopeful case should run the risk of contamination by mixing with old stagers. The books they read help to relieve the monotony, and incidentally add many elaborate words to their vocabulary. You will be shown 'specifications' of their work, or told of an abscess that has

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'formulated' in some tooth; and at least you can administer the dental advice of which they all stand sorely in need.

The Bolshevik invited me to see her, otherwise I would not have dreamt of inflicting myself on a political prisoner; but she was bored to tears with her own company, and only too thankful for any distraction. Besides, here was another capitalist stronghold to storm, and no opportunity must be lost. There were lovely lilies in the cell, and smiling photographs of jolly little boys in Sunday suits. Plenty of appetising food, too; her friends saw to that. Indeed, she was having the time of her life, the very respite which her rôle as the mother of a large working-class family rendered imperative, but which only the prescription of stern legal necessity could procure. A sock of a very intricate pattern was in her hand. It was a curious feeling, she assured me, to be spending all day on the soothing job which was fitted into any odd corner of time at home, when someone called for a crack.

At the same time, though she was obviously enjoying her rest cure, she had frankly no use for a Government that had landed her in such a predicament. She was worried about her children, though the neighbours had promised to look after them. How was it a free country when you couldn't air your views, and just views too? There followed a long debate, but the Bolshevik lost much ground from the unfortunate fact that there was no scope for the ringing periods and forceful methods of persuasion so dear to the heart of the Socialist agitator. It was thus necessary to fall back on what she called 'bedrock'; but a few economic platitudes sufficed to prove that what she had struck was merely shifting sand. She was in no way daunted, however, and would not admit defeat at all. These tiresome laws must be dismissed as proving too much. Things didn't work out that way, and I could quote Russia if I liked. There was a lot of nonsense talked about it. So I tried an appeal to what I knew was a motherly heart, and asked if she thought that charitable effort was made any easier by the preaching of a doctrine of class hatred and suspicion. Far from capitulating, she promptly gave me to understand that in her opinion such zeal was only a misguided endeavour to patch up an outworn system. What was wanted was a crash, and the sooner it came the better. Obviously the energies of social workers did not hasten the day.

The alternative was not so alarming after all. When the day of reckoning came, the 'workers' would do no violence, as long as capitalists accommodately met their demands. At this point the Bolshevik turned her heel, and the needles raced ahead. A forbidding expression, whose origin perhaps lay in the thought of possible resistance, passed over her face; and at that moment she seemed the counterpart of the knitting women of the French Revolution. But she was far too human to keep up a bloodthirsty attitude for long, and you felt she would soon be winning an eleventh hour reprieve with a wave of her coloured sock. Finally, we spoke of poverty and vice, and our responsibility for stumbling-blocks. On that issue we shook hands unreservedly, thankful to find common ground at last.

*Mene mene tekel upharsin.* Tried in the balances and found wanting. Is it we or they? But the answer to that question demands an article to itself.

H. M. T.

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## SHADOWS.

BY C. HENRY WARREN.

To look intently into a collection of genuine silhouette portraits is to be wafted insensibly back to brocade and candleshine, minuet and spatter-dash. No mere picture, however appealing, can so easily convey the same illusion—subtle and precious as a perfume. For the silhouette only suggests what the picture patently tells; and in graciously allowing our imagination its prettiest play the silhouette succeeds in satisfying every whim and answering any mood. Such is the power of the shadow, too; it beckons and allures away from the palpable and the obvious, inviting us to a playful fathoming of its mysteries. Are we young, we shall find there matter for fear—ghosts and ghouls and undistinguishable shapes; are we old, we shall find there sad matter for speculation on transience and the last and darkest shadow of all.

Many can recall, with not a little involuntary shuddering, the phantasmagoria that nightly unfolded itself on the vague undulating ceiling, when, alone with the timid glow, youth was left to face the long hours of the night. Most likely they were no more than the erratic markings left by the crumbling plaster; indeed, it is easy to recall the white fallen flakes as they lay on the eiderdown. But such knowledge did not suffice then to quell that dark grotesquerie. There was a beldame in a monstrous poke-bonnet, driving two sinister hissing geese to market; there were old men of the road, and Medusa-headed women; and there was a lanky youth with a mallet poised above the immense top-hat of a remonstrating diminutive elder, whom the watcher was always expecting to find extinguished beneath the obliterating head-gear. Dickens, in his melodrama, made continuous use of blown candle-flames, tenuous to the point of extinction and then suddenly belching forth again as bleary-eyed ghosts; of door-knockers more evil and ominous than the candle-flames. But he does not appear to have utilised the possibilities of the shadow.

When, finally, childish things are put away, the shadow no longer looms as a foul fiend of the dusk time. It becomes the beautiful complement of the light. By its aid is the light brighter;



by its absence crueller—but, indeed, it is never wholly absent. The very desert waxes purple from its multitudinous dunes when the sun dips to the horizon. Like most of the gifts of Nature, whose prodigality spoils us, the shadow is most easily seen in isolation. The cherry bloom appeals only by the blinding beauty of its mass; it is not until we come upon a single blossom buoyed in the green sea of the lawn that we know its individual and real loveliness. Similarly, to know the delicate, indefinable charm of a shadow, one must island it in a sea of light. A single bough of the spindle-berry will do, set in a jar a little way from a clean white-washed wall. Such a marvel of black shadow will be thrown on the gas-lit whiteness as no picture could rival in mystery and dark beauty. Not on the orange and the red of the berries will the eyes find rest, nor on the autumnal dyes of the leaves: rather the soft vagaries of the shadows will hold them and repay their mute admiration with an infinity of fancies. These shadows will have their colours too, though Ruskin gives them no wider variety than from the grey pencillings of half-light to the profound depths of dead-black. Or rather they will take a subtle suggestion of colour from their surroundings, giving forth again, not so much colour as a sensation of colour—

‘A little gloomy light, much like a shade.’

In such dainty isolated ways may we, of the temperate North, be allowed our joy in the praise of shadow. We may not know the dead, contrasting black shadows thrown from a desert palm. But somewhere we know a narrow grassy path that meanders, like a wayward stream, through dense woods of hazel and oak. There the tunnelled air is cool at noon, and to plunge into its leafy gloom from the cruel white of the road is momentarily to annihilate

‘All that’s made  
To a green thought in a green shade.’

We may not know those long concrete caverns that slope away from the harbours of Egypt; those many cave-mouths that are daily fed with a million bright oranges, only to demand as many again on the morrow. We may not know the sharp line where their grim interior shadow ends and the sun pours molten gold over the mass of tumbling fruit. But the nearest portico of Wren or Inigo Jones will give us ebonies and ivories that only a climate

rapidly alternating with rain and shine could possibly create. Indeed, to us, in Spring, there comes a plenitude of the most winsome shadows of all—a plenitude no Southerner may ever hope to know. Where the cropped grass of the Downs abruptly ends, and the cliffs dip whitely into the sea, almost daily through our summer the shadows of blown clouds career, like riderless, ghostly horses, into the sea. And he does not know their full power to eclipse, who has not seen the many-coloured and thronged street swallowed in the shadow of their passing on a windy April day.

Here in the North shadows are delectable, stuff for the connoisseur; in the Tropics they are urgent, a very refuge. There could only such a phrase have had its birth—‘Under the shadow of Thy wings shall be my refuge.’ In it is all the longing, fierce and consuming, for a palm-girt well after the sandstorm and the heat. Though all symbols are not equally apt for all peoples, the shadow has gained universal acceptance as type of the transience of things. So right it is that it has passed imperceptibly into the language of every race, hallowed with the sorrow of all who have walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

## JUNGLE MONARCHS.

BY 'NOMAD.'

## II.

THE next morning I killed my own first bison. We were miles from camp on a spur of the Belligurungen Hills, when Jacko, who had gone ahead to reconnoitre while I took a breather, came back with the sneaking prow of a panther on the trail. We crept forward till we reached a saddle of the spur, which, about a hundred yards broad and flat-topped, fell away on both sides quite devoid of anything but short grass and low shrubs. Two hundred yards away from us along this bare ridge, the jungle recommenced. Jacko pointed to a number of bison tracks, which even I could make out, heading away from us along the saddle. A bloated green-and-red tick on the path and the smell of 'cow' indicated that the herd had only recently passed. We had just left the cover of the jungle to follow them across the open, when Jacko pulled me down into the grass and pressed me flat. Slowly I raised my head till I could see along the level, but nothing was in sight. I lay quite still, as Jacko's expression convinced me something was in front of us, but some minutes passed with no sign of anything moving anywhere. Suddenly Jacko signed me to keep my head even lower, and I then saw a pair of horns outlined against the blue sky not fifty yards away. A bison was evidently coming over from the far slope. I lost them immediately in the lattice of grass in front of my eyes, which were stinging with the perspiration dripping from my forehead, as the day was broiling. Nothing happened for two minutes, and then, without any warning, a bull bison stalked into view from over the edge, 150 yards from where we lay. He was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen: a picture of wonderful movement and perfect form; there was no hint of ungainliness in his splendid size; the proud carriage of his head was magnificent. When he was twenty yards in the open he stood still, stamped twice, and looked round towards us. I thought he had winded us, and was getting ready to fire, but Jacko restrained me. Suddenly he bellowed: it seemed like a challenge, daring the world to deny his majesty. Over the top came the herd, seventeen of them, young bulls, cows, and

half-grown calves, and halted in a hesitating crowd behind him. I could hardly take my eyes off the herd leader to count them, so absorbed was I in his splendour. He evidently gave an order to move, for the herd suddenly wheeled to the right, and trotted off into the shadows of the jungle fifty yards beyond them. He stood alone for a moment and then with a swish of his tail trotted off after his subjects with that wonderful free action of the wild. I was rather unhappy, first because I thought I had missed my chance, and then, strange to say, because I knew I would shoot him when I saw him next. Jacko drew me back into the jungle and we made our way along its edge, and across the open, some distance down. On reaching the other side we crept along the fringe till we gained the flat top of the saddle, where the herd had disappeared into the shadowy jungle. Here Jacko left me for a minute to reconnoitre, returning with an expression on his quaint face that signified all was well. We crept in about thirty yards on our stomachs, and found ourselves in a wood with little undergrowth; rocks, however, stood here and there, and behind one of these we lay hidden. The shadows and sun splashes made a chequer hard to unravel after the glare of the sun outside. I got accustomed to it soon, and was surprised to see a trunk of a tree not fifty yards off resolve itself into the hind quarters of a cow bison; then others took form, and I realised we were on the very edge of the herd, which was quietly grazing. Where was the herd leader, though? There wasn't a sign of him; and I was beginning to fear he was on the far side of the herd, and unapproachable, when he stalked into an open space sixty yards from me; he stood stock-still, broadside on, facing right. I took careful aim at the triangular bulge which stands out behind the elbow, and fired. He sprang forward like a deer, and vanished with thunderous crashes, the whole herd following him at full gallop over the edge of the hill; we raced to the spot where he had been standing when I fired, but not a sign of blood was visible, and I cursed myself, as we made for the edge to see if we could catch a glimpse of the stampede. Through the trees we looked down into a valley a thousand feet below us, through which wandered a small stream, bright blue in the sun, and lost to view here and there under billows of green jungle. Far down we could hear the crashing passage of the terrified herd, and within a minute or so we saw it cross an opening in the jungle on the valley floor. I was just turning away from the tantalising picture, when Jacko seized my elbow and pointed with stealthily

moving arm immediately below us. Twenty yards down I saw some high dry grass moving slightly. There was no wind; we waited; no sound, except the strident whirring of the cicadas, broke the silence. We crept slightly to one side and peered down through the dry grass. Now we could see something; a horn showed dimly through the tall growth. Taking careful aim at a point where I judged the centre of the forehead should be, I fired. There was a crash of a heavy body falling, and next moment four white fetlocks appeared, and swinging slowly in an arc through the grass were lost to view. The coolie nipped up a tree which hung over the hill-side, and shouted to Jacko who signed to me to go down. We had got down almost to where the horn had appeared, when the coolie, who had not left his observation-post, shouted out some words, evidently in great excitement; at the same moment we heard a sound of breaking branches, just below us. I could not believe, after the sight of those circling fetlocks, that the bull could have any fight left in him, but the noise was approaching, and Jacko sprang to a tree close by. The tall grass hid everything a yard in front of me, and from the deep breathing I judged only a few yards separated me from my target. I was standing by a small tree whose lowest branch was about five feet from the ground. Gripping my rifle in one hand, and holding the trunk with the other, I swung my foot up into the branch, intending to get on to it. I got my heel on to the branch, but it was much too high to permit me getting any leverage to hoist myself off the ground. I was completely stuck, as now I could not lift it off. At this moment Jacko and the coolie shouted with renewed vigour, and a loud crash, so close below me, that I thought the bison would be on me next second, decided me, and letting go the tree I threw myself back against the hill-side, where I waited half-lying, half-sitting, with my rifle ready, intending to give him both barrels immediately he showed himself. Silence following a long-drawn-out snort ensued. Jacko came to ground, and I rose slowly and peered through the grass. Five yards below me lay the herd leader, bushes and grass bent outwards from under his huge form, looking as splendid in death as in the vigour of life so recently stolen from him. It is at these moments I always feel the pang of regret. The beautiful eye, lately so full of fire, seems to fix one with a look of sad surprise; but it glazes quickly, and just as quickly does generous regret give place to pride, we will hope pardonable, in possession of a splendid trophy. Long as it has taken to describe, the

period of time from my second shot, until I stood by the dead bull, could not have exceeded a minute. My first shot had struck him behind the vital spot, but had evidently wounded him sorely. My second shot had got him in the centre of the head, just below the eyes, and he had rolled over once. How he could have risen and come up the steep rough incline after this shot is astonishing; there was no mark of exit, and being of solid nickel from a high velocity 400, the bullet must have passed down his neck probably into the chest; at any rate, wherever it finished up, the shock must have been tremendous. In spite of this the brave fellow had tried to find his foe, and had managed to climb ten yards before he fell dead.

As I have already described Charles's bison, I need only say that mine was a younger bull in the prime of life. His horns, only slightly worn at the tips, were perhaps a little lighter than those of Charles's bull, but they were longer and make a fine trophy. In height and bulk of body these bulls were practically identical. Unluckily we were many miles from camp, and it was quite impossible to get the head and mask back till late next day, when it was found to be ruined by being fly-blown. We did what was possible, but our efforts were useless, and I have only the skull and horns to remind me of the once magnificent herd-leader.

A third solitary bull was added to our bag the following day; he was own brother, in appearance, to Charles's first bull, and as he fell at the first shot, without creating any incident worthy of record, I shall not describe his end, which was instantaneous.

Our luck had certainly been 'in.' Two solitary bull bison, a herd-leader, and a bear in the first five days' shooting was a splendid beginning, and if things had gone on at this rate we should soon have reached the limit imposed by the authorities. The part of the country we were shooting, though swarming with bison, was very unhealthy (a very usual combination), and as we were both feeling the damp heat, and were tormented by mosquitoes, we decided to make for new ground, where the country was more open and healthy. We trekked for three or four days, doing only a few miles a day on the direct route, as we scoured the country on each side of the trail and rendezvoused at night at our halting places, prearranged by the trackers. Here we found our camp, already prepared by our servants, who had had, at most, only seven or eight miles to cover. It was on the second day's march that I met with the unpleasant experience (due to Jacko's affec-

tion for wild elephant) which I am now about to relate. As I have already said, this queer little wild man was drawn to these animals like steel to a magnet. Often while after bison, he would discover traces of the recent passage of elephant, and then I had to watch him carefully to see he did not lead me surreptitiously after his favourite game.

We were moving in single file through jungle, luckily with fairly passable undergrowth, when Jacko, who was a pace or two in front of me, halted so suddenly, and stood so stock-still, that he seemed to have been turned into an ebony statue. I halted and heard the gun coolie behind me suck in a quick breath. The next instant the latter was flat on the ground and had seized my ankle with his hands; I bent down and noticed he was gibbering with fright. *Āni! āni!* (elephant! elephant!) he whispered, and his terror was pitiable to see. I peered in front of the motionless tracker, but I could see nothing to indicate the presence of any animal. I felt Jacko had scored this time, and I wondered where his friend was, with no little anxiety. Suddenly, however, the rustle of foliage and the noise of a branch being broken somewhere away to the right, caught my ear. A louder crash, apparently not fifty yards in front of us, I am sure put the idea of bolting into the coolie's head, for he let go my foot and I instinctively felt he was going; this would have given the whole show away, as he would certainly have made a noise. Luckily at that instant there was the sound of a heavy body moving through the jungle behind us, and this diversion brought the coolie to heel again in the most literal sense. I now realised it was not a case of one elephant, we were in the middle of a herd of them, and I did not blame the coolie for his panic; personally, to put it mildly, I was feeling most uneasy although I was armed. We stood like this for a minute, while various noises, distant or unpleasantly near, went on, as far as I could judge, all round us. Everything I had ever read about the elephant's extraordinary sense of hearing and smell passed through my mind, and I was expecting them to discover us every second. Jacko's face, however, was a tonic; it was wreathed with smiles when he at last looked slowly round at me over his shoulder; he at least was in his element. Signalling me to follow him, and to make no sound, he began the most trying progress I have ever made. Two steps forward—halt; three steps left incline—halt; three more steps—a loud crash in front as some elephant pulled down a branch—halt for an indefinite period. During this



interval Jacko explained to me by a sweep of his arms, that we were surrounded by elephant on all sides, except for the narrow segment of the circle through which we were travelling so unpleasantly slowly; I noticed that we were going down the slight breeze which now and then moved the grasses.

How we got into the herd without attracting their attention I do not know. Although I did not notice the direction of the wind till we were making our way out, I presume it was blowing all the time, and can only suppose we passed through a gap in the herd and thus escaped discovery. Jacko intimated to me with his fingers that he believed there were about twenty head in all, but neither he nor I saw a single animal, though once I noticed some foliage moving in an unnatural way some sixty yards down a narrow vista. It took us the best part of half an hour to travel three hundred yards or thereabouts, and then when I began to feel we were out of the wood (as the sounds of breaking branch were all behind us), Jacko, if you please, tried to induce me to go up wind and have a close look at one of the herd. If I could have shot one and kept the ivory, I should certainly have agreed, but as it was, I had had quite enough of elephants for one day, and hinting that the sun was getting low I unsportingly declined.

We were within a couple of miles of our rendezvous, a jungle-clad hill, which we could see now and then from open glades, golden green in the evening sunlight. Close to our right among a tumble of low hills, all rounded billows of green forest, a small peak higher than the rest rose with the hint of grey rocks on its steep sides. Jacko swung off in that direction, and to my objection that it was not on the direct line to camp, turned a deaf ear. Thirty minutes toil brought us half-way up its rough incline. Jacko left me sitting on a boulder, and was absent for some time. On his return I noticed a sly smile of satisfaction on his face; he led me round the side of the hill to a ridge of rock which hid the view. Climbing this, I found myself on a narrow platform which fell away almost sheer for two or three hundred feet to its base, where a muddy pool lay in a small clearing of the jungle. A gnarled tree hung out from the cliff, and I made out great swarms of bees hanging in curtains two or three feet long from the branches. It was a beautiful place, wild and lonely, even in that wild country; obviously a drinking pool of the jungle creatures, as the rushes round the edge were trampled, and the mud pockmarked with tracks. 'Āni!' whispered Jacko to me with a shy smile. Con-

found the fellow—he had done it again! (I was quite sure our late visit to the herd was intentional, if not terminating quite as he had planned.) However, this was a very different thing from being on the flat; here I could watch without discovery, and I forgave Jacko at once, and looked round for the visitor. Jacko explained by signs, that the herd we had so recently left were coming to the pool, and I waited with eagerness to see them arrive. Twenty minutes passed without any sign of life, except the twittering of small birds getting ready to roost. I had expected to hear the herd arriving from some distance, and was astonished when Jacko drew my attention to a point in the jungle down below. Until I used my glasses I could see nothing. Then I made out an indistinct mass standing motionless in shadow. Old 'two tails' was there, but I couldn't make out which end was which. Other faint shadows moved behind this motionless one, but not a sound could I hear. I think they were taking stock of the landscape before they emerged into the open. A branch snapped, and this seemed to break the spell. A young bull slowly wandered out of the trees, and became interested in a clump of grass, which he appeared to blow at through his trunk. His tusks were not more than a couple of feet long at the outside. Out of the dark shadow of the jungle they came, in ones and twos from all sides; a cow with a calf appeared, and I was astonished at our luck in escaping notice that afternoon, as cows with young calves are exceedingly alert, and as savage as full-grown bulls; fourteen all told appeared, including four calves; the latter were quaint little replicas of their mothers, and must have been born quite recently, as their little trunks looked dirty pink, and less prehensile than when more grown. They stuck to their mothers like leeches, always being just by the fore-leg and nearly under the body. I was longing to see them enter the water, but they were in no hurry, and only one young bull (as far as I could see there were only three young bulls in the herd) got to the edge and dabbled about in the water, blowing some over his back and under his chest. The light was failing, and though I could have watched them for hours, I had to make tracks for camp, which was still a mile or two away over rough ground. When I left they were blurred masses about the edge of the pool, from which the sound of squelching mud and faint splashing reached our ears. It was a vivid picture of the early dawn of creation. Ages had rolled back, and I felt I was in a world where history and civilisation were still unborn, a world

of primeval forest and huge beasts. Camp was reached without incident, though the going was very difficult in the dark; I found Charles empty-handed, but thrilled with having been close on the fresh tracks of elephant, closer contact with the animals themselves however he had avoided. On my describing my march, I had great difficulty in dissuading him from going off at once to the pool, a useless proceeding as the night was moonless. How we wished we could have put back the years to the time an old planter friend of ours had described; then elephant were not preserved, and he, in one morning, had shot three fine bulls, who insisted on exploring his newly planted tea estate.

Our new hunting-ground was a level-bottomed valley about one and a half miles broad, bordered on both sides by steep escarpments a few hundred feet high. Through the centre of the valley a river, almost dry at that season, flowed over a sandy, shingly bed. The jungle was not nearly so heavy as in the region we had just left, and consisted of a comparatively dense belt along the banks, backed by grassy glades, where the tamarind grew here and there to great size and patches of mimosa, or camelthorn, made a grey haze with the fine lacework of their thorn-studded twigs. It looked excellent ground for game, and we had rosy visions of adding to our already useful bag with little difficulty. But the luck had changed. The whole of the first day Charles and I worked up and down stream without seeing fresh traces of game of any sort. Bison, sambur, cheetah, where had they all disappeared to? We hardly expected to get a shot our first day, but we were disappointed to come across no signs even of their presence. Jacko was silent and gloomy, and evidently took the most pessimistic view of the case, for my bearer confided to me that evening that Jacko had hinted to him of the possible presence of 'red dog' in the valley, 'also, excellency, the water is very bad!' added my bearer on his own account. I did not mind the water being bad, we had a plentiful supply of permanganate crystals and alum, and we always boiled it for a considerable time, but 'red dog' was incurable. The 'red' or wild dog is a most virulent pest, the real Bolshevik of the jungle. He hunts in packs, using every subtle manœuvre imaginable, displaying terrible tenacity of purpose and tremendous endurance. He is the progenitor of the whole dog race. Of medium size, straight-limbed and lightly built, his coat is a reddish chestnut, the hair short and close. The ears, almost erect, are black, slightly fringed in some cases, and the tail is bushy and blackish. I believe puppies

taken very young have been reared in captivity, but their savagery is incurable, and they are utterly untamable. They take tremendous toll, both in cattle and game, and in parts where they are numerous, the local authorities pay rewards for all skins brought in. In the area where we were shooting, twenty-five rupees (about 34s.) was paid on each skin. Demand will always create supply, but the story of a 'red dog' breeding establishment being run far away in some remote jungle by two forest peons, though I should like to believe it, sounds to me improbable. When a pack of these devils arrive in a locality the hunter may roll up his kit and quit at once, for he will see no more game there for some time to come. Every living thing on four legs tries to get away for a change of air, except the elephant and the wild boar. Even the solitary bull bison and the tiger I am told prefer to leave, though I have never heard an authentic account of the former having been pulled down by wild dog. As to the tiger I have been told on numerous occasions that he will not face the pack, and that proven cases of his death at their hands have been recorded. How a full-grown tiger in health could fall a victim to such apparently small fry puzzles me, and though I cannot make up my mind to swallow the explanation which I give below, it is interesting because I had it first from Jacko himself, as a fact; secondly from a native hunter in Central India, as a fact; and thirdly from the Forest Officer of Philibit, an Englishman who had shot most Indian game in large numbers (including a panther treed by 'red dog'), and had studied the lore of the jungle from A to Z. He, I may say, refused to give a definite opinion on its reliability, but was not inclined to cast it aside as complete invention. The story is perhaps unpleasant, but its quaintness will I hope excuse its inclusion here.

A 'red dog' pack have scoured a large area of country and have frightened all the usual game off: they come across a tiger and being hungry decide on its death. No offensive action is contemplated, they are much too clever for that; each stroke of the huge soft-looking paw breaks a back! Patience is necessary; for hours they hang round Stripes, just out of reach, but near enough to annoy him and keep him on the move. He makes occasional swift rushes at some more than usually impudent member of the encircling pack. For hours he is baited and worried, so that he can never rest or attempt to find his own dinner. He begins to lose his temper, and makes several futile charges, now to this side,

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now to that, while always behind him snapping jaws distract his attention at the critical moment. He tries a gentle trot, or a quick dash for some hundreds of yards; all is useless, the faintly yapping circle is still all round him. He is tired, hungry and footsore; a shady rock or tree trunk catches his eye, and with his haunches protected he swings round at bay. The pack sit round, well out of reach, as cool as cucumbers; nothing tires them except perhaps a sambur stag, and him they run in relays, on a definite plan. Stripes is furious but impotent. He charges thin air; and so it goes on, till the pack judge the time is ripe for more offensive action. They get more impudent; one lies with his flank ripped open and a broken back, but Stripes has been bitten two or three times low in the quarters, and is losing blood as well as self-control; at this crisis a curious disarming operation on the still powerful victim is performed. A number of young bitches rush forward in pairs, and darting in as close as possible, flick their bushy tails towards the snarling face. Their tails are soaking with the contents of their bladders which they have intentionally brought into action. The liquid is exceedingly acid and a great irritant, and Stripes' eyes receive continued sprays of it. In a short period he is almost blind, and a rush is made for his quarters; a dozen sets of sharp teeth pierce deep, and the pack withdraw to carry out the same operation, until loss of blood lays the splendid orange and black body at their ravening mercy. Such is the story, and you may believe it or not as you will. I do not say it is true. Personally I see little in it more worthy of wonder than that due to the spider, which lays snares for its prey and binds it with home-spun fetters.

I have digressed far afield and must now return to the valley on that first morning when we set out with hope still undimmed by Jacko's misgivings. For two hours he and I scoured the country up stream with no result, until on a patch of damp earth in a small depression we picked up the tracks of a sambur, to lose them almost immediately on dry stony ground. This sign of game, however, cheered Jacko, and I felt convinced now that his premonition was unfounded. Our hopes were rudely scattered during the next few minutes. We had penetrated into the belt of jungle along the river bank and were making our way with some difficulty through the undergrowth, when Jacko signed me to halt. The sound of some large animal moving at speed through the jungle, faintly at first, but growing ever louder as it approached, reached

my ears; in a few seconds the noise passed us so close that it seemed incredible we could see no sign of the cause of the disturbance; immediately after the passage of this animal (which, from the tracks, Jacko believed was the very sambur we had already found traces of), the jungle all round us whispered with the invisible movement of numerous small bodies, and a faint yapping heralded the red dog pack in full cry. It reminded me of the ghostly hunt I had somewhere heard of, where haunted hounds and horsemen, invisible but noisy, drove frightened peasants with muttered prayers for protection to their knees. The quarry and the majority of the pack must have passed within a few yards of us, but not a sign of life could we see. We returned to camp thoroughly disheartened, to find Charles still absent. He returned about noon, having lost the fresh slots of a solitary bison after many hours tracking. 'The biggest bull in Asia,' as he described it, was evidently not to be frightened by 'wild dog,' and we decided to give the place one more day's trial before abandoning it as hopeless. The evening shoot raised Charles's hopes to a high pitch as he caught a glimpse of 'Asia's biggest bull' on a grassy slope at dusk, but out of range. My experience, on the contrary, was most disheartening. I was about a mile from camp at dusk, moving warily through country covered with mimosa, when a sound like a deep snort or groan from a patch of bush thirty yards ahead brought us up stock-still in our tracks. I brought my rifle to the ready and waited. Not a sound broke the stillness; suddenly a sneaking dark form crossed the path from the bushes from whence the noise had come. It disappeared in the shadows; another and another followed, until four had passed. Jackals! I thought, though logic should have hinted otherwise. A fifth form appeared and turning round towards me snarled hate and defiance. Red dog! I fired as the figure turned to make off, and with a short shrill whine it leapt into the air and fell stone-dead. At the report the jungle rustled round us, but no other sign of life appeared, and we examined the young bitch which had paid dearly for her defiance. My bullet, a solid nickel one (for bison), had passed through the body, taking the heart on its way. It was a lucky shot, as, though the range was only thirty yards, it was a snap shot, and it was too dark to take any aim. We turned to the bushes as another groan reached us, and forcing our way in, found a domestic cow lying on her side; her head was raised, but as we got up to her it fell with a long low sob to the earth. I shall never forget that example of the red dogs' savagery. She was literally being eaten



alive. An unborn calf had been torn out of her body and lay limp and lifeless by its tortured mother. How far the wretched animal had galloped in her attempt to save herself and her expected offspring, I do not know, but the nearest native village was many miles away. The marvel of the thing was that the cow was alive when we came up; how she could have lived a minute in the state she was in seemed incredible. I was very unhappy that I had not been able to kill a few more of these pestilential dogs, but one shot only I think would have been allowed me, after which none would have showed himself in the open. I skinned my victim that evening on arrival in camp. Never have I seen an animal in such splendid condition. There was not a sore, wound or hairless patch on her, and yet her flesh under the skin was one mass of thorns of all sizes up to an inch long. These thorns were quite black, and were in different stages of absorption, some being almost as soft as paste, while others, recently acquired I suppose, were still hard wood.

Charles was quite unaffected by the menace of 'wild dog,' though it was patent that the country was being thoroughly 'driven' by them. Though at first I believed the pack to which my bitch belonged was the same one we had heard in the morning, Jacko's expert knowledge, and his insistence on the presence of two packs, overcame my doubts. Charles's confidence in his quarry's fearlessness was amply repaid next day, when he brought the 'biggest bull in Asia' to its knees with his first barrel, and finished him off with the second. Charles and I learnt by hard experience the tremendous labour entailed in cutting a bison's head off. Unluckily two of the skinners as well as almost every other servant in camp were ill that day from the 'bad water,' and we both laboured for four hours cutting through the tremendous bulk of the neck and turning back the skin, which in places in the lower neck was almost two inches thick. The most difficult part of the whole business was severing the vertebrae, which we at last effected with the small axes, which the natives use with such skill, but which we found most awkward.

This bull was well named by Charles 'the biggest bull in Asia.' He was very old, with heavy blunted horns, which at their base gave a girth within a fraction of an inch of the record. His height, between sticks, was tremendous, being as near as we could judge (he was lying on a gentle slope and so was difficult to measure) just on eighteen hands three inches (six feet three inches). Luckily he was shot near camp, otherwise with the shortage of hands, I do



not think we could have brought the head in. As it was, carrying was out of the question with only three of us, so we put it on a rough sleigh of branches which we dragged through the jungle with continual halts and hold ups. Next day we packed up and made for fresh country.

The remainder of our trip was uneventful. We bagged no more bison, and though we got out of the red dog area, we saw little except cheetul, and to my amazement a small herd of black buck, an animal I hardly expected to come across in that jungle-clad country. One incident only is worth recounting. It occurred a day or so before we were to pack up and make tracks for the railroad. Jacko had an attack of malaria and was lying shivering and yellow-eyed, when I left my tent one morning early to try and get a cheetul. I took my twelve-bore loaded with ball (much more serviceable in my opinion in close country and for such game than a rifle) and started off alone. It was a perfect morning, without a breath of breeze, and therefore pretty warm even before the sun rose. There had been a heavy dew in the lowlying hollows, and as the light grew, spiders' webs and grass were richly encrusted with diamond lights. The wonder of sunrise in jungle glades cannot be adequately described by brush or pen. The grey-blue shadows through an infinite variety of opalescent shades dissolve into a maze of million-tinted greenery. Birds chatter in the branches. The top of a feathery tree glows rosy. A liquid gold flows down the trunks on the jungle edge, and bathes the grassy floor of the glade in light. A tiny deer, no bigger than a hare, white-spotted, with legs so dainty that they look dangerously brittle, slips away into shadow. A wisp of emerald parrots cleave the sparkling air with piercing shrieks; the great diapason stop of the jungle has been pulled out, and the indefinite pulsating note, never quite silent, even at night, swells in modulated crescendo with joyous song to greet the now blazing sun. Only a few minutes from dark to day, but what a marvellous change. Through such a scene I walked that morning, forgetting for the time the savagery lurking under the bright surface. The red dog and his work, the blood-stained patch of grass that marked a panther's 'kill,' all faded from the picture, even my own object in this early walk was forgotten. Suddenly the crash of something in front of me brought my rifle to the ready, and I waited expectant; I could see nothing, but advancing, I found the ground turned up fresh and new from a wild boar's 'tushes.' I wandered on for some two hours, and then because it

was getting hot I turned towards the shady river on my way back to camp. I was half across a small glade, making for the narrow opening in the border of prickly pear which edged the farther side, when I stood for a moment to glance up the glade towards my left to see if any cheetah might be about. Instinctively I felt something move in front of me, and turning my head found myself looking straight into the eyes of a fine tiger. He was at least three yards out of the prickly pear hedge, and he had evidently been looking to one side as he came out, and as I was standing still had not noticed me. I often wonder which of us was the more frightened? I think it was probably a draw. I was carrying my gun at the trail, and stood stock-still for what seemed to me some minutes (a second or two I expect in reality). Stripes glared at me, and the ruff round his neck bristled up in alarming fashion. He crouched low and tore the ground with his claws, his whole body writhing sinuously like a cat about to spring, while his tail swished menacingly. 'If I don't shoot now I'm done,' flashed through my mind. I brought up my gun in one motion to the shoulder, but he was too quick for me; he sprang and turned apparently in the same motion, and the sleek gold and black body disappeared over the hedge before I had my cheek on the stock. Not a sound in his flight; the scarred ground ten paces from me was the only proof that what had just happened was not a dream. I have always regretted that tiger; had I been a little quicker I might have bagged him, but I was paralysed for the moment, and I do not believe I could have acted quicker. An old shikari to whom I told the story, however, was definite in his opinion of the case. 'Thank your stars you did not shoot,' was the gist of his remarks; 'if he had been going across your front it would not have been dangerous, as a tiger when wounded goes straight on; facing you as he was he would have mauled you for certain at such close range, even if you had hit him mortally. You were both jolly well out of it!'

My story opened in a clearing in the jungle, it shall close in like manner. Four thousand feet up on the crest of a steep ridge we found an elephant 'dance hall'; a dark place under heavy foliage trees, their trunks rubbed smooth from the friction of leathery skin. The ground was devoid of grass or shrub, and lay smoothly hollowed out between the trees. Not a creeper, fern or leaf grew anywhere within twenty feet of the ground. There were traces of elephant, but so old that it was impossible to judge when they had been there last. The steepness and roughness of the ascent seemed to make the

place inaccessible to the huge brutes, and unless we had seen unmistakable evidence of their presence, in numbers too, we should have doubted their ability to reach it. Other big game also visited this ridge, for not twenty yards outside this extraordinary place stood a tall soft barked tree literally ripped to shreds on one side to a depth of two inches, and to a height of nearly ten feet from the ground. I had seen one or two other trees treated to a like process by tiger in claw sharpening operations, but never such an example of power and size. A cool wind was blowing as Charles and I sat down for a pipe; within a week we should be at work again many hundreds of miles from these wonderful jungles. We were talking over our plans for the following year's shoot, when Charles's teeth began to chatter; within half an hour mine followed suit, and we had our first sample of another jungle pest—malaria. Though we both of us suffered from this curse for some years, I never revoked my entire agreement with Charles's favourite remark, often repeated in the first throes of ague: 'Never mi-ind, it wa-a-a-s worth it every t-t-time!'

## THE DIVERSIONS OF DAWSON.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE.

### V.—AN EMBARRASSMENT OF IDENTITIES.

FROM the moment when I bade farewell to Dawson on his departure for the enterprise of Andorra I received no word from him. His publicity department remained busy upon the imaginary trail of Cholmondeley Jones, raising as it were a smoke-screen to cloud the vision of Ephraim Crutchley and his fellow members of the Fugitives Club. By some means Dawson appears to have maintained communications with Scotland Yard, though telegrams were unknown in Andorra la Vieja and the postal service in winter was mediaeval in its contempt for regularity. Whenever the snow lay thick upon the passes it ceased to operate altogether. I fancy that Dawson, always at his highest efficiency when circumstances were most untoward, maintained an emergency mule post of his own by way of the Spanish border.

At any rate his election as a member of the Club was known to the Yard, for my friend, the scandalous Assistant Commissioner, told me of it one evening in February. Then the curtain fell and I heard no more until the second week of April. As I went in to dinner at the Tyburn Club—named less from the character of its members than because of its site in the dip of Piccadilly, underneath which the irrepressible Tyburn still flows towards Buckingham Palace—the Assistant Commissioner, a regular diner, beckoned to me and I sat down beside him.

‘We have him,’ whispered the police official.

‘Who?’ I inquired ungrammatically, for at that time a popular murderer and an absconding insurance company chairman absorbed the attention of newspaper bill artists.

‘Crutchley,’ he replied softly, and told me in brief what I have related with much particular detail. ‘He is lodged safely at Toulouse. We have applied for extradition, and when this is granted our dear Ephraim will be escorted to Boulogne by the French police. Wilson will then bring him over to us. It was a great coup, one of Dawson’s very best. He not only got the man but brought off all the plunder except a few thousand pounds, flourishing it in front of Crutchley’s nose like a carrot before an ass.’

'But why is not Dawson himself going to complete the job by bringing home the sheaves, Crutchley and the stolen bonds, and tramping ashore at Folkestone in a blaze of popular glory? There is nothing the dear child would more enjoy.'

Then the Assistant Commissioner explained that Dawson had orders to lie very low indeed, not to appear himself at all either immediately as captor or subsequently as a witness. All the official credit for the affair would be bestowed upon Pudden'-headed Wilson.

To my comment that this was stark cruelty, and moreover flouted the most niggardly requirements of justice towards William Dawson, the official retorted that the less said about justice the better, especially by me. 'If we had not played skittles with the laws of England your friend Dawson would be languishing in gaol, and you, my fine fellow, would be occupying a contiguous cell. We know all about you.'

'May be,' I growled. 'But you can't prove anything.'

'Don't bank on that,' said he nastily, 'and don't be too sure that the ways of your transgression are covered up like those of the offensive river Tyburn, down whose valley we are looking at this instant. The whole affair continues to give us grave concern. If Crutchley discovers, as he well may do, that Cholmondeley Jones is Dawson, and makes capital for himself out of the discovery, the fat may be in the fire yet. And it will give off a pretty rancid smell. When I got Dawson's triumphant wire from Ax I ordered him to turn over at once to Wilson, to retire into the background, and to come home as John Brodribb, the merchant in silk. I hope that he had the gumption to burn the other two passports. There would be the very devil to pay if Crutchley, a most wily old bird, got wise to their existence.'

Altogether it was a conversation which spoiled my dinner, and I was pleased to observe that the Assistant Commissioner was not himself plying knife and fork with his customary energy. Crutchley, for some of us, was likely to prove a costly capture.

Still, I was not seriously troubled until I opened my terrible *News of the World* on the following Sunday. Then the sun of a spring morning, which shone into my windows, turned black as with eclipse, and the cold hand of Nemesis lay heavy upon my spine. For therein, adequately emphasised in the loudest of type, was the racking announcement that Cholmondeley Jones, late whisky smuggler and escaped convict from Wandsworth Prison,

had been arrested at Havre as he put his foot upon the gangway of the Compagnie Générale's steamer, *La Normandie*, bound for New York. The man Jones, declared the newspaper correspondent of Havre, with the effrontery which might be expected of so abandoned a law and prison breaker, had claimed to be a well-known Chief Inspector of Scotland Yard and produced a passport in support of this amazing pretension. But since in a pocket of his coat had been found another passport, issued in the name of Cholmondeley Jones, the French detectives were satisfied that they had at last secured the elusive prisoner of Wandsworth. At the end of the telegram appeared a line to the effect that the arrested man did not personally resemble the photographs appended to either of the passports. Until I read that statement I had concluded that somehow the French police had blundered upon Dawson, but now I was perfectly sure that they had not. For whatever identity he might be assuming his appearance would exactly accord with the description set forth concerning it. He might not be able to resemble simultaneously the photographs on two passports, but he would be exactly like that one which he had elected to adopt as temporarily his own. If the arrested man did not resemble either, then, whoever he might be, he was not Dawson. Who could he be? The reply rang like a knell upon my sin-hardened conscience. He must be Ephraim Crutchley. The fat was in the fire, fat so rancid that its fumes would overwhelm reputations much more savoury than ours.

Many times in the course of our association I have warned Dawson that he was accumulating more identities than could conveniently be manipulated by one personality. He was in danger, like an ambitious juggler, of having one more ball in the air than he could watch. To his six regular and permanent incarnations as Chief Inspector Dawson—I leave out of account the fleeting impersonations, of which the number was incalculable, assumed *ad hoc* to provide for a sudden emergency—he had now added that of Mr. Cholmondeley Jones, journalist and author, a convicted smuggler and, in the eyes of the world, a notorious fugitive from justice. In his eagerness to give verisimilitude to his press stories of the escape and pursuit of Cholmondeley Jones he had chosen to ignore the possibility, nay the certainty, of future embarrassments. Should it become known that a Chief Inspector of Detective Police had been convicted and sentenced in open Court of smuggling liqueur whisky—at thirty degrees over proof—



and had been scandalously pardoned because Scotland Yard had need of his services as a *bona-fide* fugitive from justice, there would arise a storm which would sweep away Dawson, and maybe with him more than one of his exalted superiors in office. A Press, flagrantly spoofed by Dawson's too ingenious publicity department, would have no mercy upon him. The poor old public, manipulated so easily and so pitilessly most of the time, cherishes at the bottom of its big heart one or two immovable convictions. No explosive campaign of sophistry can ever blast them out. One of its unshakable gods is a belief in the impartial administration of English justice. A mere hint that Justice has shifted her bandages, that she has rigged the scales for rich or poor, for high or low, turns the credulous long-suffering English public from placid sheep into furious wolves thirsting for somebody's blood. The first victim of their jaws would be Dawson, and after him would follow speedily the corpses of his responsible chiefs. I doubt if the Home Secretary himself could escape, for had he not signed Dawson's free pardon, albeit with a rubber stamp?

Dawson was always stronger in action than in reflection. The brains of which he was unduly proud were limited in their scope. He never looked beyond the immediate urgency. He could plan and carry through a campaign with admirable flair and courage, but he never learned that many generals who have brilliantly won campaigns have, with equal brilliancy and thoroughness, proceeded to lose wars. Dawson had howked Ephraim out of Andorra and seen him arrested a dozen yards within the French frontier, but at the moment of triumph, through sheer incapacity to look forward, he had perpetrated a disastrous blunder. In a spasm of vanity he let slip the secret that Cholmondeley Jones, the widely advertised fugitive, was also a Chief Inspector of Scotland Yard. He, the inimitable juggler in identities, had thrown into the air one ball too many. And what is more, he had given Ephraim, no common opponent, something to think about. The particulars of the arrest at Havre convinced me that Ephraim had been thinking to some purpose. He had not succeeded in himself escaping to the United States, but in his fall he had involved his enemy Dawson and more than Dawson. I should indeed be fortunate if I avoided a nasty tumble myself.

In order that the course of events may be clearly set forth, let me return to the confines of Andorra and to the moment of Crutchley's arrest. The captive was shifted into the back seat of



the Ford, the under-officer of French police mounted beside him, and Dawson headed off for Ax les Thermes, leaving Wilson to follow on with the sack of Treasury bonds and the mules. The spring air among the Pyrenean foothills was brisk and exhilarating, and as Dawson drove along a road which was now tolerable, the notes of his gay whistling might have been heard above the beat of the engine. 'See—ee—the Con-quering he-e-e-e-e-ro co-omes,' varied by patches from 'La Marseillaise.' He was a very exultant man who, luckily for his present peace of mind, was unable to follow the thoughts of Ephraim sitting so silently behind him. Crutchley, handcuffed, huddled into a corner of the car, looked a man so down and out that his thoughts could not be of any account. At Ax Dawson got away a telegram to London, breakfasted in leisurly abundance, for he had been on the stretch since daybreak, and afterwards waited for a message of instruction to arrive from his Chief. When it came he frowned furiously. It was the order which we already know, to hand over to Wilson and to resume the outward identity of John Brodribb, merchant in silk. This meant awaiting Wilson, who had picked up a car by good luck in l'Hospitalet and who, after suitably rewarding the muleteer, presently drove into Ax with the three *agents de police*.

Dawson, in the surliest of tones, gave Wilson his instructions. He was to attend upon the extradition proceedings, accompany Crutchley to Boulogne in due course, and accept the person of the captive under the English warrant so soon as French judicial procedure allowed of his surrender. For himself, Dawson added, he was going to stand by in the person of John Brodribb, the merchant in silk, and see to it that nobody made a filthy mess of the job. 'It seems,' he remarked sourly, 'that after I have done all the work you are to get all the credit, Wilson. That is exactly like the Yard. If I had not insisted on a free pardon at the start the brutes would think nothing now of clapping me back into prison to complete my sentence. They are the swiniest brand of pigs ever littered.'

At Toulouse Crutchley was brought before a *juge d'instruction*, with John Brodribb looking on—the silk merchant was a white-haired old gentleman of benevolent aspect, whom even I could not have recognised except by mark of surgically clipped ears. Though French officials are exceedingly meticulous in their procedure, the extradition proceedings lasted a very few days. Ephraim declared that he was most anxious to get back to England

—to defend the honour of an unblemished name—and would offer no present defence. When at last the party left Toulouse for Paris, on the way to Boulogne and England, Crutchley travelled in charge of a French detective, Wilson stood by as the representative of English justice, and Mr. John Brodribb journeyed by himself in an adjoining carriage. The comforts of a *wagon lit* are not accorded to suspected criminals and their escort. When the night came down John Brodribb slept as well as he could on a hard seat—he had refrained from incurring the expense of a *wagon lit* lest those ‘pigs of the Yard’ should strike the item out of his bill of costs—Crutchley, who was no longer in handcuffs, appeared also to sleep, while Wilson and the French detective sat beside him on guard.

Wilson and the Frenchman afterwards swore that they never closed their eyes that night, but how, if they did not, can we account for the certain fact that Crutchley, with admirable adroitness, carried through the plan which must have been maturing in his resourceful mind ever since the moment of his arrest? He slid noiselessly out of his carriage as the train was approaching Limoges, found John Brodribb sprawling alone next door and half asleep, knocked him out with a fierce jab on the chin before Dawson could get his eyes fully open, robbed his momentarily unconscious body of all its money and the two spare passports, and then jumped clear of the train about ten seconds before it came to rest in Limoges station. He was off and away in the darkness before Dawson, coming to, was able to communicate the alarm to Crutchley’s official guardians. By this time both of them were awake, denying that they had ever slept, while Dawson, standing before them and holding on his aching head with both hands, cursed their incompetence by all his gods.

From that moment until his second arrest on the gangway of *La Normandie* Crutchley was neither seen nor heard by anyone who was aware of his identity. He had recovered from Dawson’s unconscious body the greater part of the five hundred pounds which had already passed once from Dawson’s pocket to his own, boldly followed on in the next train to Paris, bought a ticket for New York, obtained a *visa* to the Dawson passport from the American Consul, and was only brought up short at Havre because Dawson himself, anticipating by a flash of inspiration Crutchley’s intention to leave for America by the first French boat, had gone straight on to Havre and collared him low as he stepped upon the gangway of *La Normandie*. As John Brodribb, the merchant of

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silk, Dawson could not call for aid from the French police, but by making a row upon the wharfside, he could compel the arrest of both himself and his quarry. I have said that Dawson was much better at action than at reflection. In the police office the procedure was rapid, for Crutchley had upon him the passport of Cholmondeley Jones, and the police of every country in Europe, and in the world, knew all there was to know about Cholmondeley Jones.

'So you have got me again,' growled Crutchley, turning his small baneful eyes upon his captor. 'Presently, my friend, you will wish that you had let me go.'

It was on the Sunday morning that I had read of the arrest and had resolved the confusion of identity. It seemed to me probable that my friend the Assistant Commissioner would have been apprised overnight, so I rang him up at Scotland Yard and, after some delay, got put through to his room. He was at first exceedingly ungracious, told me to mind my own business and go to blazes, but when I represented that the affair was like to turn very much my way, he softened and permitted me to come down and see him. He knew little, except that Crutchley had been brought up short for a second time by Dawson, and had wired for all concerned to await his own arrival at Havre. I obtained permission to accompany him by the night boat from Southampton.

When after a stormy passage we struggled ashore Crutchley, locked in a cell, lay chained to the wall for greater security. As I peeped in on him I was joyously reminded of Captain Macheath in the 'Beggar's Opera.' The French police were taking no more risks, and Crutchley might have been an eighteenth-century highwayman under sentence of death; he sat entangled in an ancient suit of rusty fetters. Dawson was bubbling over with gratified vanity, Wilson faded obscurely into the background, the French detective stayed out of sight altogether. He, lucky fellow, was not responsible to the English Assistant Commissioner.

'Well, Dawson,' began his Chief, 'a pretty mess you've made of things.' To Dawson, anticipating congratulations at the least, this speech was like a blow in the face of an eager child. 'What!' stammered he—'a mess! There is no other man at the Yard who could have got Crutchley out of Andorra, let alone catch him after he had done a guy from the train. I don't understand you, sir.'

'It is not the exploits of your hands that I am grumbling at.

Dawson, but the lapses of your chump of a head. We don't expect more than ordinary sense from a man like Wilson there—just sense enough to grab the right man and hold on—but a star performer like you ought not to have been such a silly idiot as to let Crutchley discover who Cholmondeley Jones really was. Don't you see how he has got us all by the short, tender hairs? When we put him on trial his counsel will be only too delighted to drag the gory cat out of the Scotland Yard bag. We shall not be able to keep you away from the witness-box, and then the whole shameful story will be blazed out before the world. Your conviction, your free pardon, your press campaign about the escape from Wandsworth, your trip to Andorra! It is not you only, Dawson, who will get the sack. I shall get the sack, Sir Hubert will get the sack, the Home Secretary will get the sack. I should not be greatly surprised if the Government got the sack too. Let justice be done though the heavens fall. The heavens will fall all right—on our heads at the Yard. It will be worse than German air bombs. Can't you see now what you've done?

'I didn't think when I told Crutchley over there by the Cerda Bridge . . .'

'You told Crutchley! You told him that you were Dawson! That is just the sort of crazy, theatrical flourish you would throw off. A bit of a triumph, I suppose. It was a kid's trick. The one comfort I see in this business, Dawson, is that you are safe for the boot.'

At this point, when the relations between Dawson and his Chief had become strained to the point of irreparable fracture, I thought it expedient to interpose with soft words. Unlike Dawson, my strong suit is suave diplomacy.

'Pardon me for breaking into a purely domestic chat,' said I, 'but what are we going to do with that Crutchley man who looks at present as if he was performing a Houdin trick? He is tied up from ankle to chin in rusty chains. I hope they haven't lost the keys.'

The Assistant Commissioner, who had not seen him, stared at me. He thought that my poor brain was softening. 'Go and look through the spy hole,' said I. He went, peeped, and came back shaking with laughter. 'Wonderful people, the French,' he spluttered; 'they are not going to lose him a second time.'

This diversion relieved the atmosphere of electricity, and we bent to the discussion of the grave problem before us: What to do with Crutchley. From a glorious capture he had become no

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better than a confounded embarrassment. He was a bomb who would blow us all to ribbons unless we could remove the detonator.

'What can we do?' groaned the Assistant Commissioner. 'Now we have him we must keep him. Oh, Dawson, Dawson, why in thunder did you not let him skip off to America? We had recovered the bonds with which he bolted, and he might have gone to Timbaktu for all I care. But now we have him I suppose that we must keep him. Indeed, I don't suppose that he would go away if we asked him to. He has got us stiff and knows it. His black heart holds but a single thought. Revenge, Dawson, against you!'

'If you please, sir'—it was Pudden'-headed Wilson who ventured to emerge from the background—'may I speak, sir?'

Permission having been granted, Wilson spoke. Whatever Dawson may say, I am not convinced of the justice of his nickname for Wilson. A sound fellow is Wilson, in the garage, on the road, and now in council.

'If you please, sir, Crutchley is not our prisoner, because the French police have not yet surrendered him to us. And the detective tells me that they won't surrender him until he has served his time in France.'

'Time! What for?'

'Escaping from the train, sir. Breaking arrest, sir. It was an offence against the law on French soil. The detective is after his blood, sir. He, too, is afraid of the boot.'

'This sounds good,' exclaimed the Assistant Commissioner; 'let us have the detective in. Ask him, Wilson, in your very best Army French, to be so obliging as to step this way.'

The French detective, a black-bearded, fine upstanding fellow, now marched in, came to a halt before us, and saluted.

'What is this that my man tells me?' began the Assistant Commissioner in French. 'Is it that you will not render your prisoner to us, the English authorities?'

He had orders to surrender Crutchley on the extradition warrant, the man explained, but since then he had committed a criminal outrage the most serious. He had broken his arrest, he had grievously assaulted an English police officer—'We won't press that part of the charge,' muttered the A.C.—and had obtained a *visa* to a false passport. For these most grave offences against the sacred soil of France he was about to be brought before the authorities at Havre.

Were they very grave, inquired the Assistant Commissioner anxiously, and would there be any kind of public trial ?

'They are of the most grave,' declared the detective. 'The accused Crutchley will be arraigned before a *juge d'instruction*, the offence will be proved by me, and he will be immured until in process of law sentence is passed upon him of a long term of imprisonment. A long term. Afterwards, monsieur, he may be surrendered on the extradition warrant, but we must have our will of him first. We are desolated in this instance not to be able to oblige the English police with the ruffian's body until we have finished with it.' The man's jaws snapped as if he had the *scélérat's* flesh between his teeth.

The Assistant Commissioner looked at me and I looked at him. Then we both laughed. Dawson's frowning face relaxed until he also broke into the ghost of a cackle. Wilson respectfully turned his back that he might laugh at ease. The Frenchman alone remained grave.

'It is an offence the most serious,' he repeated. 'He will be imprisoned for years and years. Perhaps in New Caledonia. Who knows ?'

'The longer and farther off the better,' agreed the Assistant Commissioner heartily. 'Afterwards, if we still want him, monsieur, we will put ourselves to the trouble of asking for him.'

'If it be that he remains alive, monsieur,' returned the detective ominously.

'Wonderful people, the French,' observed the Assistant Commissioner, when the man had gone. 'They don't waste time or publicity over the criminal classes unless there is a woman in the case. To be accused is to be three parts convicted, and to be convicted is to be three parts dead. Useful people, too. They will remove Ephraim Macheath Crutchley in his comic suit of irons and we shall never hear of him again. What an escape ! Now we will have some food, crack a bottle to Crutchley's health—he will need it—and then sail hence for Merry England. We must put up some story to account for the recovery of seventy-five thousand pounds' worth of bonds, though the creditors of Crutchley's late bank will not be over-curious. So that's that ! Dawson, your honest, blundering hand ! I forgive you.'

'One minute,' I interposed softly once more. 'Just cast your eye over that, please,' and I put before the Assistant Commissioner my copy of the *News of the World*. 'What about the arrest of

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Mr. Cholmondeley Jones? The British public is deeply interested in Mr. Cholmondeley Jones. A friend of yours, I think, Dawson.'

The Assistant Commissioner knitted his brows as he read the sprightly account of the arrest, the first Press announcement concerning Mr. C. Jones which had not been inspired by Dawson's news factory. 'To confess the truth, I am a shade weary of Mr. Cholmondeley Jones. A stout fellow, but too keen an advertiser for my taste.'

'You could not be so fed up with him as I am,' growled Dawson.

'I should not go into mourning for him myself,' I observed.

'Of course,' burst forth Dawson, 'that is the way out. It is getting on for a year now since I became the constant companion of Cholmondeley Jones, and his society has grown intimate. I shall miss him, but he is better dead. He shall commit suicide this very day.'

'Where? How?' we cried.

'Here, in the harbour yonder. He shall make his last desperate break out of prison and go over the side to avoid recapture. His body will never be recovered.'

'Can you manage to make the story convincing, Dawson? We must not have any more little contretemps.'

'I can, if you will square the French police. Make a clean breast of it, sir, and then tell them that an official account of the suicide will be issued by Scotland Yard, and that all they have to do is to back it up, every word. I have always found them grand liars.'

And this is how it came about that the English papers next morning, and my trusty friend among the Sunday papers after a sad effluxion of time for an organ so spirited, contained the veracious narrative of the last flight—and positively the last death—of the notorious Mr. Cholmondeley Jones. He made a beautiful end, and the headlines shouted a requiem over his watery grave. Dawson, as was surely fitting, saw to all the arrangements, though we did not entrust him with the composition of the story itself. That was a little thing of my own, as pretty and convincing a bit of work as ever took in the collective Press of Europe and America. I was not going to allow Mr. Cholmondeley Jones, author, journalist, and smuggler, any shadow of excuse for coming to life again.



## LITERARY ACROSTICS.

[THE editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is first opened.]

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 1.

'Deliver me the key:

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may.'

'Give me a key for this,

And instantly unlock my fortunes here.'

1. 'Away!—away!—and on we dash!  
Torrents less rapid and less rash.'
2. 'If I reprehend anything in this world, it is  
the use of my — tongue, and a nice  
derangement of epitaphs.'
3. '— now is gone to bed,  
And Advice with scrupulous head.'
4. 'Teach me tones as wild and wayward,  
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!'
5. 'Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
— tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens.'
6. 'The bravest man  
Of the brave Fabian race.'
7. 'The cabin was made of a carriage,  
And the — was Eau-de-Cologne.'

### RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed in 'Book Notes' opposite.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back. References (if sent), questions, or comments should be on another paper.
5. Answers to Acrostic No. 1 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than March 20.

Printed in England at THE BALLANTYNE PRESS  
SPOTTISWOODE, BALLANTYNE & CO. LTD.  
Colchester. London & Eton

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